

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

*A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs*



PRICE 25¢ YEARLY 2.00  
Published by J.M.Dent and Sons, Limited  
Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto.

JANUARY 1932

Vol. XII. No. 136

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XII

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1932

No. 136

## STRIKING A BALANCE

NOW that we have all gone through the formality of wishing our friends a prosperous New Year it may provide a little innocent diversion for anyone with a speculative mind if he sets out to estimate just how much prosperity we have reason to expect during the year 1932. It is obviously futile to make any attempt at anticipating the amount that any individual member of the community will secure in the general scramble, but it is possible to strike some sort of balance in our general economy, and to work out—in a very general and approximate fashion—how much national wealth will be available for distribution. Most of the economists who have essayed the role of prophet, during the last two years, have erred badly on the side of optimism, and we shall probably come closer to the truth if, with malice aforethought, we place undue emphasis on the shady side of the situation. At any rate we must, with great firmness, discard all the psychological and metaphysical phantasies of the boosters' club, with their opium dreams about Canada leading the World back into prosperity—the Canadian dollar now standing at 20 per cent. discount in the New York exchange—and anchor ourselves to the dull figures of government blue-books and trade statistics. Our prosperity in the past has been largely due to our great volume of foreign trade, and our entire national economy is based on the expectation of a World demand for our raw and manufactured products at prices that will be a little more than sufficient to meet our cost of production. Two things have happened to knock our economy endways. First, the World price of wheat dropped below our cost of production; second, the adoption of a system of protection by Great Britain completes the ring of rising national barriers which impede and almost choke international trade.

## WHAT PRICE WHEAT?

N<sup>O</sup> economic summary is worth much that does not place wheat in the centre of the picture. For the last ten or twelve years our total annual exports have amounted to about twelve hundred million dollars. Of this sum our wheat and wheat flour exports averaged—in the period

1926-29—around 440 millions, or something over a third of our total exports. Wheat and wheat flour dropped in 1930 to 260 millions, which meant that we had 180 million dollars less to spend than the average of the previous four years. Now we come to 1931. In the six months ending September, 1930, we exported 101 million bushels of wheat and received 98 million dollars, in the six months ending September, 1931, we exported 93 million bushels of wheat and received 55 million dollars. We might add a few more figures that might be enlightening but probably those given are enough for anyone to digest who is not a hard-boiled statistician. We respectfully submit that these statistics bear out our contention that trade conditions have more to do with the depression in Canada than psychology. What about the future? The important fact that must be faced is that although the World price of wheat has risen during the last few months it is still well below the average cost of production in Canada, so that our wheat farmers are partly living on their capital, and the condition of that half of our population living in the rural districts is steadily going from bad to worse. In the next few years Russia is almost certain to be our greatest competitor in selling wheat, and in Russia all land has been nationalized. This means that the wheat producer in the Soviet Union does not have to meet any of the charges connected with land valuation—rent, interest, or profit. At least 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of our Western farmers must be set aside to meet these fixed charges. It is not surprising that in the West they are beginning to talk about devaluation of farm-land.

## FARMERS' CONFERENCES

DURING the last month or so there have been a series of Farmers' conferences in different parts of the Dominion, and these gatherings have reflected the perplexity with which the Canadian farmer is facing the present crisis. Even in the conservative and cautious United Farmers of Ontario there were indications of a political swing to the left, while in the West this tendency was much more pronounced. The United Farmers of Manitoba passed a resolution to the effect that: 'the present economic crisis is due to



inherent unsoundness in the capitalist system . . . that involves payment of rent, interest, and profit,' and the United Farmers of Canada, Saskatchewan Section, passed a whole series of resolutions favouring a modified form of land nationalization. In most of these organizations there is a noticeable lack of any clear-cut policy, which is largely due to the conflicting interests within their own ranks. Farmers in general have not yet decided whether they should consider themselves as capitalists or as exploited workers, and most of them have not realized that there are divergences of class interest among themselves that are nearly as sharp as those in the urban communities. There is a large group of Canadian kulaks, or wealthy farmers, who are as interested in the maintenance of the *status quo* as any bank director, and this group is usually successful in capturing most of the directive posts in the farm organizations. The great majority of farmers, particularly in the last two years, have made no profit, no interest on their investment, and in many cases have not succeeded in paying themselves a decent wage. Consequently they are demanding all kinds of fundamental changes. The more complacent officials therefore introduce numerous radical resolutions—and then take good care that none of them are ever put into effect.

#### RAINBOW ECONOMICS

A FEW weeks ago the *Toronto Mail and Empire* published a special Rainbow Edition, in which future social historians will find a rich mine when they are seeking for evidence about Canadian mentality in the year 1931. The purpose of the editor was, of course, to cheer us up by dazzling us with the collection of great Canadians who are convinced that prosperity is just around the corner. But the interesting feature of the issue was that, mingled with the usual blah of bank presidents, industrial leaders, and provincial premiers, there appeared articles from the professors of economics of nearly every Canadian university. It is true that most of the savants, as the *Mail* calls them, were characteristically professorial in the qualifying clauses which they added to their messages of cheer. With the exception of Professor Stephen Leacock (whose writings on economics are the funniest things he turns out) they stuck pretty well to safe generalities. But there they all were, helping to create the impression that we are just on the eve of a bigger and better boom, helping the government to sell its National Service Loan to cover our coming quarter billion deficit, helping the *Mail* to sell advertising space. Is it any wonder that outsiders become cynical about the intellectual standards of our Canadian universities after performances such as this? Perhaps it was only an accident, but the fact should be recorded that Queen's and Dalhousie were not represented in this array of academic boosters. The truth about our country, which is well known both in academic and in business circles, is that its present position is exceedingly precarious. But economics in Canada is the opiate of the people.

#### A NATIONAL LIBERAL CONVENTION?

A NUMBER of Liberal papers, and especially the Sifton papers in the West, are disposed to favour the project of a big convention of the Liberal party to revive its morale and restore its popular appeal. We commend to their attention some observations on party conventions which are to be found in Mr. Dafoe's recent biography of Sir Clifford Sifton. 'Sir Clifford knew enough about conventions to know that unless public opinion was vigorously stirred up the convention would fall under the control of the official element in the party. . . In theory the holding of a party convention returns the control of the party as to policy and leadership into the hands of the rank and file; in practice it often means an opportunity to get an apparent endorsement from the rank and file for leaders and policies that are ripe for retirement. This perversion is possible owing to the manner in which delegates are usually chosen—not by a public gathering of electors, but by slimly attended meetings of the local party associations, which are usually made up of workers and members who are keenly interested in the party. A party convention, unless care is taken in the election of delegates, is apt to reflect not the opinions of the great mass of voters, but the wishes and purposes of the ultra-partisans—the hard-boiled practitioners of the political game.' These words were written by Mr. Dafoe concerning the convention of Western Liberals in 1917. But could any more minutely accurate description be given of the kind of convention that would inevitably meet to-day to deal with Mr. King's leadership? Or is there perhaps a Sifton in the offing again as in 1917?

#### LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS

YOU can always trust the constitutional pundits of Toronto to find new ways of making our flesh creep. The lieutenant-governorship of Ontario has been vacant for some time; and naturally it occurred to some simple-minded souls, who believed what they had been reading in the papers about the government's passion for economy, that it would be a good idea to close Government House during these hard times and leave the legal functions of the office to be performed by the Chief Justice. A harmless enough method, one would think, of saving a few thousand dollars. But no! Listen to *Saturday Night*. 'The Lieutenant-Governorships are a much more essential part of our constitutional fabric than those who make the suggestion realize. If the office were abolished, the next logical step would be to get rid of the Governor-General; and the next step after that to turn Canada into an independent republic.' So Ontario pauses upon the edge of the abyss. The fact is, of course, that the Lieutenant-Governor is now as completely ornamental as are the beef-eaters. The suggestion that he is consulted about policy by his constitutional advisers, as the King is consulted in Britain, would cause any provincial politician in Canada to explode with laughter. The Lieutenant-Governorship to-day is merely an expedient for enabling the richer



citizens of the province to enjoy dinners and receptions at the general expense of the taxpayer. But just watch any government in Canada becoming so economical that it cuts down on the simple pleasures of the rich.

#### SECTION 98

AT the time of the conviction and sentence in Toronto of the eight officials of the Communist Party a good deal of comment, much of which was painfully complacent and self-congratulatory, appeared in various newspapers. Since then an appeal has been lodged and, the case being again *sub judice*, THE CANADIAN FORUM intends to refrain from any editorial comment on the trial or sentence of these eight men. In the meantime the attention of interested readers is called to Professor Scott's penetrating analysis in this issue of the section of the Criminal Code under which these convictions were obtained. Probably few Canadians are fully aware of the potential menace to liberty which lies latent in this curious excrescence on our body of law. Even the House of Commons seems to have been alive to the danger on more than one occasion in the past; it is strange that so-called Liberals, orthodox labour organizations, and the general public should show less concern.

#### SHEARING THE SHORN LAMBS

THE edict has apparently gone forth from the financial dictators of this country to inaugurate an era of rigid economy by paring the budgets of all government departments,—municipal, provincial, or federal,—to the bone. The Chambers of Commerce quacks, who have a new nostrum for the depression every two weeks, have given up peddling their optimism pills to decry the 'extravagance of government.' Up and down the land estimates are being slashed to the confusion and undoing of a new class of victim—the school teacher and the civil servant or civic employee. They are such a safe, easy class to despoil and there are so many ways of doing it. A straight salary cut of from five to twenty-five per cent. is probably the simplest, but there are subtler schemes in vogue. Among the latter one of the most popular is the forced percentage contribution to 'charity.' As long as the incomes of philanthropic organizations do not fall below a certain level, the wealthier classes feel safe from the bogey of taxation for unemployment relief. The pathetic part of it is that the school-teacher and the civil servant with their small fixed salaries got little or nothing out of the boom period and could certainly ill-afford to gamble on the stock-market. But all that will not save them from having their pockets picked now.

#### MANCHURIA

AFTER two and a half months of almost constant effort the League of Nations has finally evolved a scheme which has received the unanimous approval of all the members of the Council, including Japan and China. While this in itself is a matter for congratulation it is

well to turn over the records of the past ten weeks and to study anew what has actually happened. The Chinese, resentful of the presence of the Japanese in Manchuria and unwilling to concede that their interests there were obtained or retained by just methods, made Japan's position almost intolerable. The military authorities of the latter State, seizing upon the alleged destruction of a small portion of the South Manchurian Railway as a pretext, and despite the obligations of their government 'not to resort to war' and 'to promote international cooperation and to achieve international peace and security by the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations'—attacked the Chinese not only within their (the Japanese) leased territory and railway zone, but have driven them out of Southern Manchuria altogether, with the exception of a small area round Chenchow, and have taken Tsitsihar, which is hundreds of miles north of the terminus of the South Manchurian Railway. This action has been accompanied by all those incidents that inevitably follow in the wake of war. The Chinese, unable to withstand the Japanese, appealed to the League of Nations, but the Japanese have throughout paid little or no attention to the requests, and suggestions, of the other Nations, Members of the League—including in this case the United States of America. The compromise agreed upon does not provide either for the settlement of the present crisis nor of the fundamental issues out of which it arose. The most it would appear to do is to set up a Commission of investigation which will 'provide the Council with complete information regarding the Manchurian troubles.' And thus it would seem that the evil day when the Council must decide and, if necessary, act is merely postponed until the Spring.

#### ARBITRATION OR WAR

THE results are bad for all concerned. China, already in an extremely precarious condition and faced with the necessity of dealing with the losses occasioned by appalling floods, has had what amounts to war forced upon her unhappy people. The Japanese have achieved their military objectives in Manchuria by force of arms, in the face of world opinion and in direct contravention of their obligations under the Covenant of the League, the Peace Pact, and the Nine-Power Treaty, but in return they have incurred the hatred of millions of Chinese and are already suffering heavy financial losses from the widespread boycott of trade with China. The League presented the sorry spectacle of almost complete helplessness in the face of a major issue and the results of China's appeal to it are an indictment not only of Japan, but of every Member, for we all appear ready to allow the only basis on which peace can ever be maintained, namely arbitration, to be discarded the moment sanctions seem necessary. It may be that the 'last war' is yet to be fought, and that in defence of the League Covenant. In any event if Japan remains in possession of Manchuria, or even if

she withdraws after forcing China to comply with her demands, the work of the last ten years will seem to have gone for naught, and a return to the good old method of the mailed fist seems inevitable. The attitude of Russia throughout has been one of anxious watchfulness. Too absorbed in the economic development of her own society seriously to contemplate war with anyone—least of all Japan—she cannot but be apprehensive for the safety of her interests in Manchuria, particularly her railway connections with Vladivostok, and if Japan keeps Tsitsihar and northern Manchuria, war with Russia in the not distant future is almost certain.

#### THE DEATH PENALTY

THE story of the hanging of Alphonse Bureau at the Quebec gaol on November 20th, deserves wider publicity than it has received; for though public opinion can hardly be argued into abolishing the death penalty it may perhaps be shocked into it. Bureau was 28 years old. He was convicted on April 24, 1931, of the murder of Yvonne Poulin, his mistress, and sentenced to death. On the night before the execution he attempted suicide by opening veins in his arms and legs. The guard found him lying in his cell in a pool of blood, and medical assistance and drugs were only just in time to save his life for the hanging. As morning approached a crowd had collected on neighbouring parts of the Battlefields Park, from which the scene could be watched, and when the condemned man was marched to the scaffold a murmur that was almost a shout rose in the air. Before this audience Hangman Ellis proceeded to the task of taking a life for a life. The trap was sprung sharp at eight o'clock—but something went wrong. After a full five minutes had passed Alphonse Bureau was found to be still alive on the end of the rope. Seven minutes more were allowed to elapse before a second examination was made. Somewhere between the fifth and twelfth minutes Bureau died—of strangulation. Thus was Yvonne Poulin avenged and the account with society squared. Meanwhile Bureau's wife—whom he married a few days after the murder—and his child are alive. Perhaps they still believe that he spoke the truth when, from the scaffold, he read a statement in which he reaffirmed his innocence, and protested that he died a victim of human injustice. But we have the opinion of a jury that the man was guilty.

#### PRESERVATION OF GAME

CANADIANS, closing their eyes on their own faults, have been accustomed to point the finger of scorn at the methods of one class of hunters in the United States. It is therefore interesting that the latest practical move for the preservation of ducks in Canada should come from a group of American sportsmen. As a means of conserving the very source of supply of these most harried species, they propose to purchase an extensive area of unwisely

'reclaimed' land in Saskatchewan, return it to the state in which it once bred thousands of ducks, and hand it over to the government with the sole stipulation that it be maintained as a game sanctuary. No doubt this step is prompted by self-interest, but reforms accomplished by pure idealism have been few and far between, and it is an example one would like to see quickly followed by Canadians. It is unnecessary to emphasize the commercial and aesthetic advantages which would accrue from numerous and wisely-administered sanctuaries. The railways, the retail tourist trade, sportsmen, biologists, farmers, and the thousands who love nature for its own sake—all these would benefit from the maintenance in a natural state of otherwise useless tracts. What may not be so clearly realized is the fact that without them the northward advance of civilization will extinguish some, and perhaps many, of our wild birds and animals and flowers. The trumpeter swan and the whooping crane are rapidly vanishing, the passenger pigeon has gone, and the reported death of the last-surviving heath hen marks another mile along the road we are heedlessly travelling. Sanctuaries, easy to establish today, will be expensive necessities tomorrow.

#### A CAROL

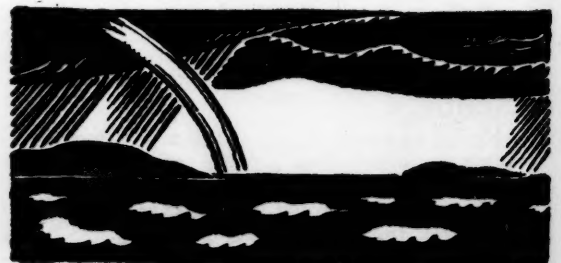
Three dark camels knelt them down  
Near the gateway of the town  
Which the figs and olives crown.

Frankincense and yellow gold  
From the silken bales unrolled,  
From the garment's crimson fold.

Fragrant myrrh against that day  
To enwrap His mortal clay,  
And of gold the shining ray

To illumine His kingly head,  
He of life the Living Bread—  
Christ arisen from the dead!

ETHEL KIRK GRAYSON



## COMMUNISTS, SENATORS, AND ALL THAT

By F. R. SCOTT

NO one can deny that under Mr. Bennett Canada has become a leader in the movement of world ideas. Where others have vacillated, we have acted. Hard hit though we were by the depression, and despite the thousands of unemployed starving in our streets, we had the courage and unselfishness to announce that we would not sell our soul—or our machinery—for Soviet gold; that we would not support by interchange of trade a country which maintained a low standard of living and which forced workers to work instead of forcing them to be idle. Recently a Toronto court has held that under Canadian law Communists can be sent to prison for any period up to twenty years, just for being Communists. In banning Russian goods we stood, and still stand, proudly alone. In outlawing the Communist party we are not alone, but the company in which we move is select. Japan, Jugo-Slavia, and Bulgaria have proscribed Communism; Italy permits no right of association to any non-fascist body, whether Communist or Conservative; under the Polish dictatorship no one is allowed to think at all. With Japs, Jugo-Slavs, Italians, Bulgars, and Poles, Canada marches toward a higher social order. Only in decadent and backward countries like Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and the other British Dominions can the horrid plots of the Marxian idolators be carried out in the broad light of day.

CANADIANS must be pleased to discover that they are protected by such a reliable system of laws, and that they have fine, clean-cut stool-pigeons of the type of Sergeant Leopold to see that our British tradition of fair play is not undermined by skulking foreigners. It is true that certain Senators affiliated with Beauharnois are still senators, and that they have not had to undergo any civil or criminal action whatsoever. But these men merely abused positions of high public and social trust to transfer to their own pockets millions belonging by moral right to unsuspecting investors. Whereas the Communists have probably got hold of the wrong ideas about how to make the world a better place to live in. Obviously the two cases are totally different.

A FRIEND of mine—I think he had been an investor in the old Canada Power and Paper Company—suggested that Sergeant Leopold should now be disguised as a cunning fellow and ordered to worm his way into the secret conclaves of the Canadian financiers. But I pointed out promptly that you couldn't do that sort of thing. You mustn't start weakening the faith of Canadians in their financial institutions. If you once give them the idea that the money they keep losing oughtn't to have been lost, why, they may start asking questions or something. And how can the system possibly work if people start asking questions?

IT is shocking to realize that we very nearly had no law at all under which the Communist party could be declared an unlawful association. The totally inadequate criminal law which we inherited from England had nothing in it nearly so efficient as the present section 98 of the Canadian Criminal Code, in virtue of which the Toronto Communists were chiefly sentenced. There was only a vague rule about seditious conspiracies, which had hardly ever been enforced, which no one understood, and for which the maximum penalty was a paltry two years. It wasn't till 1919, after the world—and Winnipeg—had been made safe for democracy, that the new section was added. It was apparently invented by the State of New York, and it suited so well the famous American methods of repressing crime that we thought we had better copy it. But later it very nearly got taken off the statute book. Prosperity seemed to weaken the moral fibre of the public. On no less than five occasions the Canadian House of Commons passed a bill to amend the Criminal Code by repealing section 98. Five separate times—in the sessions of 1926, 1926-7, 1928, 1929, and 1930. If it had not been for our Senate of picked men, who manfully threw out the bill every time it came before them, we should have been in a pretty fix now. In the session of 1929 the bill failed to pass the Senate by only three votes. If two members had been a little sleepier that day, Canadian institutions might be tottering. No wonder we insist that every senator shall own at least four thousand dollars worth of property.

IT must not be thought that the Beauharnois senators were amongst those who wanted to maintain section 98. On the contrary, the records show that in 1928 Messrs. Haydon and MacDougald voted for the repealing bill. Apparently they were in favour of a fairly lenient Criminal Code.

THE idea of deporting Communists and other radicals is another good example of the present government's methods in handling a grave social problem. There is nothing like getting rid of a disease by sending away to foreign countries all persons who have it, so that other people may become infected instead of ourselves. Then we can keep clear of future contagion by asking all immigrants as they enter Canada whether they intend to undermine Mr. Bennett and other Canadian institutions. If they say they do, we can turn them away. This is really rooting out the cause of the trouble, isn't it?

OUR parlour Bolsheviks had better understand what they are in for if the present law is to be enforced to the full. Canada doesn't need to put up with their nasty new ideas if she doesn't want to. Section 98 creates so many new crimes and establishes so many presumptions of crim-



inality that lots of people who are not actually Communists are liable to prosecution. It is a good red-blooded article, with 115 lines of definitions, offences, and penalties, all so obscurely worded that no one can be sure just how much liberty of speech and association survives—except that it is pretty small. The following examples of its provisions will show what the authorities could do if they really got on the warpath. After defining an unlawful association as one whose purpose is to bring about any governmental, industrial, or economic change within Canada by use of force, or which teaches or defends the use of force to accomplish such change, or for any other purpose, the article goes on to say amongst other things:—

- (1) Any person who sells, speaks, writes or publishes *anything* as the representative or professed representative of such association;
  - (2) Any person who wears or displays *anywhere*, any badge, banner, motto, button, etc., indicating or intending to suggest that he is a member of or in *anywise associated with* such association;
  - (3) Anyone who solicits subscriptions or contributions for it or contributes *anything* to it or to anyone for it as dues or otherwise;
- shall be guilty of an offence punishable by twenty years.

How about that for getting after friends and sympathizers of Communists? The italics are added to show the whole-hearted way in which Parliament tackled the job in 1919: lots of all-embracing *anywheres, anywises, and anythings*. Then comes a still better clause:—

- (4) In any prosecution under this section, if it be proved that the person charged has,—
  - (a) attended meetings of an unlawful association; or
  - (b) spoken publicly in advocacy of an unlawful association; or
  - (c) distributed literature of an unlawful association by circulation through the Post Office mails of Canada, or otherwise;
 it shall be presumed, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that he is a member of such unlawful association.

Just examine that for a moment, all you red college professors. None of your old-fashioned ideas that a man is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. All the police need do here is to show that you once attended a Communist meeting, perhaps through curiosity, or spoke publicly in advocacy of the party, or distributed literature (presumably any kind of literature) of the party, and at once the Canadian legal machinery gets to work and says you are a criminal liable to twenty years. You won't escape gaol unless you can prove that you are not a member of the party. And think what it will be like trying to make this proof! Obviously no member of the party will dare to testify that you are a non-member, because by coming forward he would at once give notice to the police that he is a criminal. You will simply have to give your own word—and why should a college professor's red word destroy a legal presumption?

This is by no means all. The owner of any building who knowingly permits therein any meeting of an unlawful association *or any subsidiary association or branch or committee thereof*, or any

assemblage of persons who teach, or defend the use, without authority of the law, of force, violence, etc. . . shall be liable both to a five thousand dollar fine and to imprisonment for five years. This will stop all nonsense in the way of radical meetings of any sort, Communist or otherwise. For how is the owner of a hall to know whether or not a society is a 'subsidiary' of an unlawful association? He won't take the risk of a five thousand dollar fine and five years in gaol. What about the Friends of the Soviet Union, for instance, a society which actually teaches that we should love and not hate the Russians. Isn't this a subsidiary association, and isn't its teaching tantamount to defense of the use of force without authority of the law? And the Workers' Unity League? And the Canadian Labour Defense League, which collects money to defend Communists in the Law Courts—isn't this a 'branch' of the Communist party, or at any rate does it not solicit money 'as dues or otherwise' for the party so as to make every member of it liable to twenty years? What about all you misguided people who have subscribed to the defense of Tim Buck—aren't you pretty close to twenty years in gaol yourselves?

The section warms up as it proceeds, and new crimes come thick and fast. Here are three more specimens: (1) Every person who prints, circulates, sells, or offers for sale, etc., any book, pamphlet, etc. (there are 13 synonyms), in which is taught, advised, or defended the use of force, or threats of injury to person or property, etc., as a means of accomplishing any governmental, industrial, or economic change; (2) every person who *in any manner* teaches, advises, advocates, or defends such use of force, etc., and (3) every person who imports or attempts to import such literature, shall be liable to twenty years' imprisonment. This really gets down to business, and should rid our radicals forever of the obsolete idea that under the Canadian constitution the personal liberties of the subject give the subject personal liberty. Has any Canadian bookseller ever sold a copy of the Communist Manifesto? Twenty years for him. Has any Canadian professor ever taught a class of students in political science that there are occasions when revolution is morally justifiable? Clap him in gaol with the Communists: defending the use of force in any manner is a crime even if it is done in the privacy of the class-room or home. Has any Canadian citizen ever brought into Canada any book in which the use of force to effect political or industrial change is defended under any conditions whatsoever? Let him shiver in his shoes; Sergeant Leopold, disguised as a friend, may be after him, and a long spell in the penitentiary awaits him.

Just to round out the law it is declared to be the duty of every person in the entire civil service of the Dominion to seize all literature of the prohibited kind, whether found in the mails or in any vehicle or vessel, and to transmit it at once to the Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It was a happy idea of Parliament to think of this ingenious way of creating a censorship service. Without additional cost to

the Canadian taxpayer, at once some 40,000 people were given the job of confiscating dangerous books. And by having a police commissioner as final judge the law is sure to be administered in a manner conducive to the purity of Canadian thought.

Enough of section 98 has been explained to show the citizens of Canada the sort of law which governs them. The best thing for every good Canadian to do, if he wants to keep out of gaol, is to cling to the stock of reliable and well-tryed ideas which have made Canada exactly what she is today. If he is built so queerly that he finds he cannot agree with Mr. Bennett, try as he will, then let him be radical with Mr. King. But that is as far as he can expect to be allowed to go. Canada is a country which has inherited British traditions of law, of justice and of government. It is a land of golden opportunity, where everyone who can do a good day's work will get along fine. We have admitted a lot of foreigners to build our railways and dig up our minerals, but they ought to be grateful to us for letting them live here, and not go about organizing to alter the present system in any way. If they do not like the way we treat them, then let them pack up their belongings and travel back to Europe, via C.P.R. We won't stand for their talk about the downtrodden masses and the class war. There aren't any classes in Canada; it is a democratic country. And as for Soviet Russia, let it be understood once and for all that a state which is run for the workers, where the land and natural resources and means of production are owned by the people and not by financiers, where there are no sharp contrasts of riches and poverty, and where the motive of personal profit has been replaced by that of public service, is a state utterly foreign to Canadian traditions and practice. We won't have it, that's all.



MR. Dafoe's *Life of Sir Clifford Sifton* \* is certainly the book of the year for all Canadians who are interested in public affairs. It is remarkable in a country like Canada, whose claim to have produced great men is confined solely to the realms of politics and business, how few good political biographies we have. There are Dr. Skelton's two lives of Laurier and Galt, Pope's Macdonald, Grant and Hamilton on Principal Grant, Willison's *Reminiscences*—after that one begins to search his memory. And Pope's work needs doing over today by someone who is something more than a party politician. A long list could be made out of leading men of whom we have no biography at all, or at least no adequate biography—Lafontaine, Baldwin, Hincks, Egerton Ryerson, Dorion, George Brown, Edward Blake, Beck, and a good many others, not to mention all the French Canadians like Cartier who have never been submitted to anything beyond exercises in hagiography. Our Canadian public men can not usually look forward to any monuments which are more enduring than bronze.

\* \* \*

MR. Dafoe's book passes in review all our political history since 1890 and throws fresh light upon nearly all the outstanding events. Some of its chapters are a triumph in impartiality as when he narrates the story of Reciprocity and gives the Sifton view of a struggle in which he himself had very vigorously taken the other side. Those who are interested in personalities will turn first to the account of the relations between Sifton and Laurier, where much new material is presented to correct the picture given by Dr. Skelton in his life of the liberal chieftain. Sifton and Laurier constantly attracted and constantly repelled each other. Together they were an unbeatable team, but both were masterful individuals, and Sifton did not like his chief's habit of presenting the Cabinet in delicate situations with a *fait accompli* and requiring their acquiescence. In the Alaska negotiations, for reasons of his own, Laurier agreed at the Imperial Conference of 1902 to accept the American proposition of a Commission of three men from each side, and his Cabinet on his return had no option but to implement his promise to the Imperial government; and thus the Canadian case was lost before the hearings began. When Saskatchewan and Alberta were about to become provinces Laurier failed to consult Sifton on the educational clauses in the Autonomy Acts not because he didn't understand the implications of the original draft but because he understood them too well and knew that Sifton would not

\* CLIFFORD SIFTON IN RELATION TO HIS TIMES, by John W. Dafoe (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 552; \$3.00).

agree. On the railway question Sifton favoured restricting the Grand Trunk to the region east of Port Arthur and the Canadian Northern to the western region, with a perpetual traffic agreement between them, but Laurier was in charge of the negotiations. When Reciprocity loomed up Laurier professed to be surprised at Sifton's opposition, although Sifton as far back as the time of the Joint High Commission of 1898 had warned him against trade entanglements with the United States. Finally on the Conscription issue Sifton had his revenge. 'The decision of this issue will determine once for all whether Canada is a nation, dominated and held together by a national will and a national sense of honour, or a helpless aggregation of sectional communities held together only by time-serving considerations of sectional interest. . . . If Sir Wilfrid Laurier wins this election we go out of the war.'

\* \* \*

NATURALLY Mr. Dafoe devotes much space to Sifton's great career as Minister of the Interior and tells with pride how he brought to an end the long lean period of the '70's and '80's and '90's in Canadian economic development and built up the modern West. Naturally he concludes as a Westerner, '*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*'. 'I shall be content when the history of this country shall be written', said Sifton in 1906, 'to have the history of the last eight or nine years, so far as western administration is concerned, entered opposite my name.' Yet one is bound to wonder whether another generation will not discount this side of Sifton's work and point out that with the filling up of the American west the next great folk movement was certain to flow to the Canadian west anyway. One wonders whether the next generation will not turn with greater interest to the later part of Sifton's career when he was bending all his efforts not merely to make us prosperous but to determine what kind of economic civilization was to be built up in this country.

Sifton and Laurier were both liberals, and our generation naturally inquires what they meant by liberalism during that period of the turn of the century. Mr. Dafoe rightly points out that they were both Whigs; and Laurier's liberalism never got much beyond the Whig stage. The mystery about Canadian liberalism in general is why it ceased to draw inspiration from England and Europe after the mid-Victorian period. One can see constantly in George Brown the influences of English radicalism and of the Manchester School just as one can see in Dorion the influences of the France of 1848. But later Canadian liberalism failed to develop in line with the advance of European ideas. Laurier was deeply imbued with the Gladstonian hatred of war and militarism, but he never seems to have been sensitive to the development of those collectivist ideas which by the end of the nineteenth century had replaced *laissez-faire* individualism in most European minds. As he grew older he became more and more absorbed in the problem of main-

taining his own position among his fellow French-Canadians. By 1917 he was a racial politician and not much more. As for the bulk of his followers the long period of office from 1896 to 1911 killed their interest in anything beyond the task of staying in office. When liberalism was presented with a really liberal cause in Reciprocity it lacked the intellectual force to make the best of it.

Sifton, like Laurier and all the men of that boom generation, believed simply in a business man's civilization. He always opposed state enterprises when he could find business corporations to do the job. But his mind was also always open to the teaching of experience. As he grew older, and especially after he was out of active politics, he became more and more suspicious of the wisdom of trusting our destinies to the acquisitive instincts of the undisciplined business man. He said of himself after the War that he was recovering the radicalism of his youth. But there is not much evidence of this particular kind of radicalism in his youth. It seems to me that it would have been profitable for the development of his mind if he had had a period of opposition some time in his early political career instead of plunging straight into the cares of office practically from the moment he entered public life. It is interesting to speculate what would have been the result if Laurier had had in his Cabinet a man of Sifton's driving force and also of Sifton's later advanced ideas.

After he retired from the Cabinet in 1905 Sifton became Chairman of the new Commission of Conservation and in that capacity set himself to educate public opinion on the need for protecting our great natural resources for the public benefit. He saved the international section of the St. Lawrence from being grabbed by the Aluminum interests for private power development. He was an early advocate of the idea of a great national research bureau. He fought after the War for the preservation of our national railway lines from absorption by the C.P.R. He fought for the retention of the Crows Nest rates which have been the chief bulwark of the western farmer against exploitation in railway rates. He attacked the shipping combines on the Great Lakes and on the Atlantic which were levying tribute on the Canadian producer. He was sympathetic with the political revolt of the farmers which swept the prairies in 1921. He became increasingly critical in his last years of our banking system with its irresponsible control of credit. A man whose mind was moving along such heretical lines as these and who was prepared to restrict the glorious opportunities for private profit in this glorious country was naturally unpopular with our orthodox business men. They regarded him with suspicion as not playing the game and not remaining firm for the interests of his own class. But what a contrast between these far-reaching ideas of his and the opportunist ideas of the so-called liberal party of his day!



SIFTON played a considerable part in the growth of Canadian autonomy and on this side of his career his biographer has a specially congenial task. He was in charge of the Canadian case before the Alaska Boundary Commission and he came back from that visit to London convinced that Canada must control her own foreign relations. His observations in England during the War strengthened this conviction. Mr. Dafoe gives us some interesting sidelights on the development of our post-war international position. Sifton was afraid, like most other Canadian nationalists, that the result of the War and the peace negotiations might be to give to Canada a nominal enlargement of stature which would carry with it entanglements in English policy that would in fact rivet upon her more strongly a state of actual subordination. This seemed to be the tendency of the 1921 Conference. To prevent this he wanted a clear definition of our status to be embodied in statutory form. Mr. Dafoe and the *Free Press* preferred the policy of seizing upon every declaration of equality of status and pushing its implications to the limit, so as to produce a situation in which the legal limitations upon our autonomy would become so inconsistent with our actual activities that they would be clearly recognized to have become obsolete. Sifton was converted to this method by the success of the Halibut Treaty. And it has pretty well justified itself today when the legal enactment that Sifton wanted has been finally obtained in the Statute of Westminster. But how were two men so easy-going as Mr. Lapointe and so timid as Mr. King inspired to take the audacious step of the Halibut Treaty?

F. H. U.

## VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL

at the Year's End.

The Queen is a little kitchen slut  
In a bedraggled gown;  
She sports a white spot on her nose  
And a sparrow squats on her crown.  
Playing at Ruling she holds for a sceptre  
A feather duster in a grimy fist;  
Her face looks innocent but oh how saucily  
The smudges confess where the sweeps have  
kissed!

ROBERT AYRE

## WAKING

The moan of wind over ground  
The low round palpable sound of water  
Rolling down upon stone over and down  
And birches beckoning in the moving air  
Come to me at dawn and in the morning  
Like the flow and contour of an approaching  
woman  
Like a burden too heavy to bear.

F. R. SCOTT

## THE LITERARY CONSEQUENCES OF SECTION 98

PROFESSOR SCOTT points out elsewhere in this issue that a penalty of anything up to twenty years' imprisonment awaits any Canadian who imports, sells, or circulates through the mails or otherwise, any book or document which teaches, advocates, or defends the use of force to accomplish any governmental or economic change. Just what may this mean in practice? The briefest examination of the politics and history shelves in any good general library suggests that if the law is strictly enforced the official list of prohibited publications will soon be as bulky as the Canadian tariff.

To begin with there is a large and diverse group of works whose main object is to prove that in certain circumstances it is not only justifiable but a positive duty to use force to bring about a governmental change. The Spanish Jesuit, Mariana, devotes an entire chapter of his *De Rege et Regis Institutione* to a defence of tyrannicide. A whole host of Huguenot writers preach rebellion as a religious duty in such works as Duplessis-Mornay's *Defence of Liberty Against Tyrants*, Béza's *Rights of Magistrates over their Subjects*, and the anonymous, *Whether it is Lawful for the People and the Nobility to take up Arms*. So does the Roman Catholic Rossaeus (probably the Bishop of Senlis) in *The True Power of a Christian State*. Buchanan, a Scots Presbyterian, follows suit in his *De Jure Regni Apud Scotos*; Milton contributes to the list no less than four works justifying the rebellion against Charles I (the two *Defences of the People of England*, *Eikonoklastes*, and *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*), and Locke's *Treatise of Civil Government* is a defence of the 'glorious revolution' of 1688. Any competent political scientist could no doubt produce at a moment's notice a similar 'Index' twice as long; but this random selection is sufficiently formidable.

Books of this type, however, by no means exhaust the possibilities. The Grand Inquisitor or Chief Tormentor, or whatever his proper title may prove to be, will also have to preserve our pure minds from the malign influence of writings which, while not exclusively or mainly concerned with advocacy or defence of rebellion, do nevertheless incidentally counsel it or praise historical instances of it. Chief among these, of course, is the Bible, notably in the account of the revolt against Jeroboam in I Kings. The British and Foreign Bible Society had better take steps at once to issue special expurgated editions for Canadians only. Otherwise it may wake up to find itself an unlawful association. The early Greek writer Theognis (accessible to the unlearned in an English translation by the Rev. J. Banks), according to the New English Dictionary, is guilty, like Mariana, of advocating tyrannicide. Macaulay's *History of England* is another attempt to justify the revolution of 1688. Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* and the Rev. J. N. Figgis' *From Gerson to Grotius*, contain glowing panegyrics on the revolt of the Netherlands

against Spain. G. M. Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts* traces all our liberties to the revolt against Charles I. A. W. Tilby's *British North America*, Sir George Trevelyan's *American Revolution*, and *George III and Charles Fox*, Ramsay Muir's *Short History of the British Commonwealth*, Basil Williams' *Life of Chatham*, and the *Cambridge History of the British Empire*, are all so incautious as to praise the American revolution. Worst of all—'twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell—the Ontario High School History of England (if my memory serves)

quotes with gusto Chatham's 'I rejoice that America has resisted'. If these works fall victims to the new censorship, how many histories of the French Revolution, the first Russian Revolution of March, 1917, the Spanish Revolution, and the Fascist march on Rome will escape?

Clearly, Canadian booksellers henceforth will have to tread delicately. Indeed the Irish 'Who fears to speak of '98?' may before long acquire for them as for Canadian radicals, a new application.

E. A. F.

## THE DEPRESSION IN NEW ZEALAND

By FRANK L. KAY

THE present world-wide economic distress has not neglected the small and distant Dominion of New Zealand, which has discovered to its dismay that its remoteness from the world's economic centres, while imposing extraordinary burdens on its commerce, has had no comforting counter-effect in protecting it from the depression affecting those centres. The causes, partly local and partly worldwide, of the depression now incident with special severity in New Zealand, deserve study, and the attitude with which the country faces its solution provides a lesson or two in national unity and political sincerity.

The first sign premonitory of the coming crash was seen rather early in the history of the world-depression, when in London in April, 1929, the New Zealand pound sterling, in sympathy with the Australian,—which fell to a discount of 10%,—was discounted at 5%. Today the former stands at 30%, the latter at 8 1/3%. As is known, the economic situation in Australia has reached unheard of levels of distress. The people have demanded an absurd standard of living, with a reckless disregard of national security in its pursuit. National finance, in the hands of supra-politically unscrupulous and shortsighted party-interested politicians has been the prey of these demands. The evils of these origins have been intensified by reckless importation. An excessive urban development that asks a new country of 7,000,000 people to support three large metropolises, reached its crowning extravagance in the Canberra scheme. Even the colossal wealth of the wool and mineral trade has failed to preserve a credit balance of trade. Collapse of the English wool market and general decrease of prices in the face of maintained costs of production and transport has produced the present crisis.

In this debacle, with banking inextricably involved, New Zealand is largely entangled. But to this are added two great national factors, defects in its own trade and the world-wide depression. New Zealand's whole existence depends on the healthy functioning of its enormous exchange trade, the export of primary foodstuffs to England, and the import of practically all manufactured articles. The nature of the country's

resources, fertile intensively-worked land and absence of iron and almost all requisites, except power, for industrial development, result in this. It is one country that never can nor will be self-supporting. In spite of the heavy charges in shipping and preserving produce for 13,000 miles of ocean and tropical transit, the exchange has been lucrative. The extreme fertility of the land has contributed to a competitive cheapness of production. Further, farming is carried on scientifically and efficiently, with mass production and unlimited hydro-electric power available; wages, for the new world, are low, nor has land, through real estate speculation and urban development, acquired a fictitious value that swallows up the profits of its productivity. Ocean transport is at its cheapest when such bulky and steady cargoes are carried with a return trade assuring a full ship for the inward voyage. Recently, especially in the wheat trade, marketing has been regulated and improved under producers' cooperative boards enjoying government assistance. The New Zealand producer has a quaint preference for spending money to get a good product to an open market to protecting inferiority behind tariff walls. So, till today, the country has enjoyed the possession and reputation of the world's highest per capita wealth. Now defects have developed in the system, internal and external. The greatly reduced buying power of England, the chief purchaser, has caused devastating falls in prices. Further, competitors for England's trade have risen, notably Canada in dairy produce and Argentine in meat. Being much closer, they enjoy lower freight and preservation expenses and can reach the market sooner. Argentine, after buying New Zealand stock for years, lands mutton in England of better quality, being chilled, not frozen, and cheaper. Butter, though of superior quality, has suffered for lack of advertisement against now firmly established rivals like Canada and Denmark. Canada deservedly is ousting the inferior New Zealand cheese. This double decline, in prices and market-demand, has reduced the country's income, probably permanently, for such rivals once established are difficult to dislodge. Sentimental empire preference in England and

improvement of quality and reduction of expenses may produce but a slight improvement. To balance its trade, New Zealand, with few fresh export lines to develop, must decrease its imports and pursue an incisive general retrenchment of expenditure.

This is where the most striking feature of the situation occurs, the extreme sanity and unselfishness with which the community has recognized the need for and made sacrifices. Expenses of government were the first to be reduced. After the Governor, Prime Minister, and Parliament had severally proposed their own salary reduction of 10%, the whole government service, very extensive in a country of government education, railways, post and telephone, power, and insurance enterprises, followed suit, and shortly all salaries and wages fell. Walking around a city like Christchurch, of the size of Hamilton, one feels the tone of pessimism and tense anxiety, in a way unknown here, if not in the Western provinces. Struggling with this is a cheerful will to resignation to the future and an energetic grappling with present problems. Above all, the depression is accepted as a national calamity equally incident on all classes. No hint of such class opposition to government reductions as began in England has been heard. No labour representation has used its customary weapon, the wage-arbitration courts, to oppose reductions that it has hitherto attacked on the principle of high wages and high purchasing power. Criticism is confined to the inadequacy of measures and incompetence of their proposers. The situation has revealed New Zealand as an almost ideally united and homogeneous community. Racially the predominance of British stock is overwhelming, over 98%; politically, conservative and radical have differed so little fundamentally, while opposed in details or local interests, that there is little class disloyalty or suspicion of one party's exploiting the national emergency for its own political or economic advantage, and personally, politics are so naive and backward that corruption is almost negligible; socially, equality of wealth and unity of its origin promote solidarity. Here, to a first-comer, there is a striking division, that of farm and town, really, however, a source of unity. The towns, being completely dependent on the farmers' wealth for the payment of their trade or professional services, and the farmer, to whom these are indispensable, have a common interest. Both depend finally on the export trade of farm products and realize it fully. There are no two classes of primary producers of wealth, industrial and agricultural, who can quarrel over the division of their rewards and feel a class opposition. Again, urban development is so modest that the farmer is little inclined to regard the towns as expensive parasites. The public expenditure of our big cities would make a New Zealand mayor gasp. Hence comes considerable agreement in adoption of remedies and the division of relief. The final unity was achieved in the coalition government, since initiated in England with a result still to be seen and an air of by no means the same sincerity.

The unemployed number 40% of the working population. Anyone may be in it tomorrow and its relief is considered part of the national organization. At present a 3d. in the tax on all incomes and a flat levy of 30/- is raised for unemployment relief. No dole without work is given to the able-bodied; not with the feeling that if there is no work available they have no right to live, but to avoid the evils of paid permanent idleness inevitable among a generation untrained for leisure and used to regard work as a duty and not a luxury. Those unable to work are not denied support, and the working relief men bear them no grudge. Women workers pay the tax and will soon be receiving the benefits, after special difficulties have been legislated for. Unemployment charity hardly exists. The government has not left sympathetic individuals to donate the subsistence that it feels bound to assign as part of its duties.

This is how the immediate situation is faced. Final alleviation is difficult to devise. Tariffs are imposed in moderation, not to protect inefficient home industries (though the wool trade is so benefited, where the abundance of raw material and hydro-electric power render absurd the need to ship wool 25,000 miles before it can be worn, and where the production would be little over the home demand), but as prohibitive taxes to discourage import of unafforded luxuries and as sources of revenue. The government is spending large sums on rationalizing production and extending markets in England and elsewhere by immensely extended advertisement. No industry is more directly subsidized. Neither unemployed nor urban taxpayers protest against these expenditures on behalf of the farmers' interests. Much, perhaps unfounded, hope is placed on Empire preference, and New Zealand, as Mr. Forbes has made quite clear, is not intending to follow others in demanding with true filial brutality concessions from the mother country to be rewarded with thanks and bogus concessions in return. All measures tend, in the evident impossibility of being self-supporting, in saving as much as possible of the export-trade profits and then becoming resigned to the inevitable reduction in wealth and standards of living. The world-wide element in the situation will no doubt disappear in New Zealand when it does elsewhere and the purchasing and productive power of the world have readjusted themselves; but certain inherent defects have been brought to a crisis under the general strain, and the extent to which these can be removed, by finding new markets and reducing shipment costs, is problematic and certainly only partial. This prospect New Zealand seems to be facing frankly and bravely, if anxiously, and is meanwhile making deserving efforts to relieve the pressing demands of unemployment, and at the same time direct it to useful public works, with a national unity and spirit of sacrifice that discloses a rather enviable homogeneity and reasonableness in its small isolated community of one and a half million people.



## POEMS

By DOROTHY LIVESAY

## MORNING IN AUTUMN

The day takes hold of me and lifts me up—  
 O ho! The wind! I feared you in the night.  
 (The whispering wind, clawing like a cat  
 At curtains, sneaking through the window's crack  
 And pulling at the curtains of my room).  
 Feared you . . . Feared this? This shivering  
     delight,  
 This laughter blowing back my hair, this voice  
 That trembles out some secret in my ears?  
 Never again will autumn startle me,  
 If with such wind, such a haphazard sun  
 He plays with me, drives sober thought away,  
 Turns words and conversation into song.

(But Lucifer came down that night, the stars  
 Precarious ladders for his feet. He met the  
     clouds,  
 Stirred up the running clouds to rain and wind.  
 Lucifer, the Cat, came down to me—  
 Lucifer, the Wind, the fingers at my blind. . . )

What subtlety of presences other than  
 This you, asleep beside me! the dark,  
 The heavy dark I smell, the dream I touch,  
 The wind a cat-thief mocking at my safety.  
 No: safety is with you, who lie asleep,  
 Bound in another world I cannot seize.

(Your breathing is less real than these sharp  
     claws  
 Of rain without, this gnawing of the wind—  
 These only, see me shivering in their hold,  
 Naked at last before the naked fear).

Yet see sun patterns on the page, and hear  
 The chuckling breeze that rustles in the leaves  
 Unfallen yet, soon to be fallen down.  
 (So Lucifer once fell—is hiding now?  
 Hiding till night a darker mantle fall).  
 Ah no; he's dead! Sun searches out my heart.  
 Come lover, walk with me  
 Along the boulevard.



## SAMARITAN

Whatever needs small cherishing,  
 And comfort from brief words,  
 I would search out and give my hoard  
 Of little charities.

But should I meet a greater woe,  
 A darker grief to heal,  
 I'd not know where to hide my head  
 From my own meagreness.

## ALIENATION

What was it, after all,  
 The night, or the night-scented phlox?  
 Your mind, or the garden where  
 Always the wind stalks?

What was it, what brief cloak  
 Of magic fell about  
 Lending you such a radiance,—  
 Leaving me out?

What was it, why was I  
 Shivering like a tree,  
 Blind in a golden garden  
 Where only you could see?

## POSTSCRIPT

Last, for my shroud, I pray thee give me not  
 White sheets that do resemble only snow:  
 Give me the green of leaf, the blue of sky  
 That I may carry summer where I go.

Or for my shroud (if thou art kinder still)  
 Give me the pale sea water, ploughed of ships—  
 Or best of all, that I may yet have voice,  
 Lay thou the brown earth's breath upon my  
     lips.

## REITERATION

I weep; for spring's a rainy season;  
 Clouds come racing through these skies.  
 I weep (there is no other reason)—  
 Because the wind has stung my eyes.

Not because I must go lonely,  
 Not because you leave me soon;  
 The reason for my tears is only  
 Spring's persistent tune.

## A WORLD LANGUAGE

By H. M. RAYNER

THE early years of this century saw a mild boom in the old idea of an international language. A successful congress at Cambridge in 1907 brought Esperanto into the front pages of dailies, and its enthusiastic votaries predicted that the adoption of a world language would break down the obstinate barriers which for centuries had divided the peoples of the world, and would usher in a new era of peace and goodwill.

Although Esperanto seems to have attained greater popularity and wider use than any of its rivals (there has been quite a little crop of international languages since Esperanto appeared in 1887), these high hopes have not been realized. They belong, perhaps, to the pre-war period of illusion and complacency. But Esperanto never made a really wide appeal. It was a nine-days wonder with the public; a novelty which suited its humour and made good copy. The great mass of humanity was untouched by its appeal.

Those who were most attracted by Esperanto fall more or less into one of three groups. First, the scientist or philologist, whose interest was usually scientific or academic. Second, the pseudo-intellectual snob, who wanted to be thought clever. Third, the idealist who craved a cause for his unselfish devotion. Philologists are few, and their field of activity little known or appreciated. They live in a world apart; and so it is with men of science as a general thing. The pseudo-intellectual coteries are too cliquey to have much impact upon mankind in the lump. The most likable and perhaps the most effective propagandist is the idealist who dreams of regenerating society. But many evangelical advocates of Esperanto damaged their own cause by extravagant claims. One such even wrote in a newspaper that spoken Esperanto sounded like 'the music of the spheres'! They preached Esperanto like the prophets of a new religion, and they invariably suffered from a defect common to missionary zeal—an inadequate grasp of the fundamentals of their own gospel. To be colloquial, they were frequently 'half-baked' and unimpressive. The people we meet every day remain untouched by a dream of the world language, despite the convincing array of arguments in favour of its adoption; and the new era of peace and brotherhood seems, perhaps, farther off now than ever.

The enthusiastic Esperantist kept on hoping. While the more modest found the language intriguing and useful enough for its own sake, the cliques and clubs engaged in the necessary publicity. Propaganda was of course essential. They had their little magazines of which *International Language* (London) was a type. They had Esperanto teas and picnics; Esperanto fountain-pens and shoe-polish. They lectured and laboured, convened and re-convened, with tireless assiduity. Courage was kept up by this sort of intellectual whistling; and repeated discoveries were made of circumstances that would compel the world-wide

adoption of Esperanto immediately!

We were expected, for example, to be impressed by the fact that the London and Paris Chambers of Commerce had made favourable gestures. Was not the place of Esperanto as an economizer of time and effort in international commerce assured? No; because competitive business cannot employ economies of that nature; they are only practicable when business is a cooperative enterprise. In competitive business we must beat somebody else; we must circumvent, outwit, or forestall our competitors. In transactions of buying and selling, that seller will win in the race against competition who can reach his prospective customer in the best and quickest way; who can put him in a favourable and receptive frame of mind. When you are dealing with, say, Frenchmen, the quickest and best method of approach is by the French language. It is a subtle form of flattery, and the line of least sales-resistance. Esperantists are undoubtedly right in their contention that the use of an international language might facilitate business. But they overlook the competitive nature of business, which compels methods to be those of opportunism rather than long-run economy.

Then came the radio. Esperantists insisted that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand. A wave in the ether, they reminded us, knows no frontiers; and, as international broadcasting became an accomplished fact, Esperanto would be adopted from sheer necessity. The radio, however, has faded from a marvel to a matter of course, wholly without a corresponding growth in the use of Esperanto as the international auxiliary language. Even the dilapidated shacks that straggle out to the edge of the prairie in a western city display antennae and harbour loud-speakers. How would the revenue from licenses drop if the announcer were to abandon his cultivated English! Even in Europe, where you can cross three or four language groups in the course of a day's motoring, Esperanto seems to have been broadcasted more from the efforts of propaganda organizations than from force of circumstance. The advent of radio has not brought about any tangible change in the attitude towards an international language.

After the radio, the talkies. With a fresh burst of enthusiasm, propagandists of Esperanto declared that here at last was the thing that would compel an unappreciative world to accept Esperanto immediately! How is it possible, they asked, to undertake the enormous expense of producing a film when it can be shown only in the country of its origin? For even in England, it is said the 'talky' with an American accent is able to arouse a latent and often bitter hostility. The addition of sound to the motion picture effectively destroyed its internationalism. Difficult makeshifts such as 'dubbing' voices speaking a foreign language upon the lip-movements of American film-stars proved dismal failures. But behold

Esperanto to the rescue! It would save the motion picture industry from its dilemma, restore box-office receipts, and incidentally take its place as the world auxiliary language. Thus the ever-sanguine Esperantist.

But the film magnates failed to respond. Though frankly pessimistic over the future of their industry, not one has adopted the easy way out of employing an Esperanto cast.

Esperantists would do well to study the psychology of the comic strips. How would the circulation of your Daily drop if it presented Jiggs and Maggie, Mutt and Jeff, or Andy Gump in Esperanto? One can imagine the feelings—and the language—of the circulation manager!

Idealism does not pay. Our present economic system is based upon this fundamental principle: a thing must pay. Esperantists who seek peace and regeneration through the medium of an international language, and at the same time support or at best condone, the exaltation of profits and dividends over human welfare can hardly claim consistency. They are in the same unfortunate position as the Christian missionaries of a Great Power with extra-territorial concessions.

It is true that internationalists may justly regard the developments in transportation and communication which have accompanied the growth of capitalism as allies tending to unite humanity. But against this we must set the equally indubitable fact that profits mean competition; competition leads to rivalry; rivalry to offence and defence, tariffs and wars. Racial hatreds are revived; old antagonisms are accentuated. It is 'Security for France' and 'Canada First.' Nationalism thrives; and with nationalism national languages are indissolubly bound. We can see this in a dozen places that figure in the front pages; Ireland, Eastern Galicia, Flanders, the Tyrol, South Africa, Quebec. And who can doubt that the wish of the English-speaking nations to promote English as an international language is grounded not in its true fitness for the role but rather in a sort of sub-conscious linguistic imperialism? We are not yet ready for an international language in this embattled world. If one might be allowed to paraphrase a Great Prophet: 'Seek ye first a better way of organizing production and distribution; and these other things shall be added unto you.'

Perhaps the lessons which the knocks of 1930-31 have taught will not be lost upon us. Perhaps we ultimately can re-fashion our economic philosophy and rehabilitate the world upon an international basis. If that day ever comes, there will be a place for an international language.

## A NEW SERIES

FOR the past two years THE CANADIAN FORUM has regularly published a series of short literary monographs under the rubric, *The New Writers*. Twenty-four men and women of letters of the post-war period, novelists and poets, playwrights and essayists, for the most part British or American, followed one another in the more or less haphazard disorder of editorial opportunity.

The series could probably have been continued indefinitely; there are always New Writers. It was felt, however, that these two dozen samples give a fair composite picture of the literary background of this generation. These, in the main, are the authors Canadians read and wrangle over, imitate and idolize. They make up the brilliant pattern which the weavers of our humbler native homespun use consciously or unconsciously as a model. With what result?

The raw material for an answer to this embarrassing question may perhaps be found in the twelve studies of *Canadian Writers of Today*, a series which begins with the present issue.

It goes without saying that to select a given number of Canadian writers is at best a thoroughly arbitrary proceeding, as futile, perhaps, as the choosing of the twelve 'greatest' books, or the twelve 'greatest' canvasses. Several names of consequence have probably been overlooked, several of the pseudo-great have been very deliberately omitted. The very basis of selection is a criss-cross pattern of conflicting attempts at some sort of proportional representation. In this way some of the subjects of these critical essays are men, some are women; some are English-Canadian and some are French, some come from the Pacific Coast and some from the Maritimes, some contribute to THE CANADIAN FORUM and some do not, some appear in this series by virtue of their own literary achievement and some merely as significant symbols of a whole school or tendency. So tyro poetesses rub shoulders with veteran publicists, one-novel men with people who have published a book-shelf.

The real criterion is that all these twelve *matter* in one way or another. Whether they are sixteen or sixty they are alive and contributing something specific and original to what we might as well call Canadian Literature.

F. H. W.



## TIME

A swift white flash  
Drills through the speeding dark  
That cloaks the starry way;  
And gives the dreadful instant  
The clocks mark  
Into the man-made day.

BERTRAM A. CHAMBERS





## CANADIAN Writers of Today

### I

#### DOROTHY LIVESAY

**T**ODAY it is increasingly easy to talk about metaphysical poetry. Before the war the only word we heard was *romantic*. But the war was not the cause of the swift change in the atmosphere of poetry: a change was due to come in the manner of expressing our feelings in art.

In 1914, T. E. Hulme, philosopher and original poet, reasoning by analogy from what had already taken place in the other arts, sculpture and painting, prophesied a repudiation of the romantic spirit in poetry and a return to classicism. Without poking up the ancient discussion, let us simply remark that Hulme meant a repudiation of soft, slushy things, light that never was on land and sea, weeping and whimpering, and a return to hard, bright objects, ordinary daylight and joyful poetry. A philosopher-poet would naturally respect that kind of poetry in which the intellect, not the imagination so much, fashioned the theme. Hulme was studying the art of primitive races and would have given us something valuable on the philosophy of art if he had survived the war. It was Mr. T. S. Eliot who led the revolt against the romantic spirit in literature, who illustrated the prophetic truth of Hulme's dicta concerning literature and religion, who managed to find the 'verbal equivalent' for our spiritual mood after the war.

Matthew Arnold, the father of present-day humanists, said that the romanticists did not know enough. Mr. Eliot has added to the list of shortcomings: they did not feel enough; because we can feel not only with our hearts but with all our senses and with our minds and with our stomachs. The reaction, therefore, lay in the direction of knowing a lot, learning a lot, cultivating one's mind intensively. The sympathy of Mr. Eliot and his followers is with the poets of the past who could 'devour any kind of experience,' who had a 'hold on human values,' a 'firm grasp of human experience': the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets.

Dr. Johnson long ago, and Mr. Eliot recently, dissertated on metaphysical poetry in essays which are of supreme interest to us. But to resume in as few words as possible the character of metaphysical poetry, all we need to remember is that the poets of Donne's company eagerly assimilated the new knowledge so abundant in an age of discovery and that they 'recreated thought into feeling.'

To come to our own times: whereas the mis-called Georgian poets (who continue the romantic tradition of the nineteenth century) pay regular visits to the English countryside and sing of Saxon scythes and mattocks, the poets after Mr. Eliot have spent their leisure, not in picnics, but in mastering the new knowledge which has been

achieved through recent research, keeping their senses open to every new manner of feeling possible to men and women of the twentieth century. The odd words they use are very modern and scientific, Latin rather than Saxon, and if we are still swamped by the nineteenth century we may feel that they are not poetic words. And their poems, which are meant to reflect the spirit of the age, often sound like snatches of drawing-room discussions, very intellectual.

Such a sensitive awareness of intellectual stimuli (particularly acute in the cultured American mind) results in a characteristic tone and accent: an aristocratic disdain of the sentimental and dull brain, and a cult of wit which Mr. Eliot has endeavoured to restore to modern poetry. And since wit consists in bringing together objects which, because of their opposed natures, are not usually associated in our minds, the poets under observation originate unusual combinations of elements with a view to creating surprise. Brevity is still the soul of wit and the art of a metaphysical poet still tends to condensation of thought and phrase, to epigram and ellipse.

These summary reflections came to our mind after studying the poetry of Dorothy Livesay of Toronto.

Dorothy Livesay only recently graduated from the University of Toronto where, as in most Universities, there are some few students who are inspired towards creative literature. What moves them most—outside their own poetry—is poetry which reflects the modern temper. They want to be modern. And since University instruction in literature for the most part refers to what is dead, they have a certain legitimate grudge against it; although it should by no means leave them cold all over if they realized how concretely their own poetry resembles that of poets long since dead.

The fact of the matter is that Dorothy Livesay is a disciple, not of the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century, but of recent women poets like Emily Dickinson, and Elinor Wylie—whose master was John Donne, the seventeenth century poet and preacher of profound culture and penetrating vision. How many books of verse which hang upon quotations from his sermons and poems would have been dedicated to him if he had been alive today?

Therefore it is by way of the women poets of the United States that metaphysical poetry has entered Canada. Not that they first led us back to the pre-romantic tradition in English poetry. That distinction is due Mr. Eliot, whose principal work was done in England. Elinor Wylie, too, lived some time in England and the relationship between these two poets is concisely expressed by Mr. Kreymborg when he writes: 'Among the new aristocracy of intellects rearing ivory towers out of independent domiciles, Eliot was the prince, Elinor Wylie the princess.' But Mr. Eliot is much more difficult to follow than Miss Wylie. However, by making the statement at the beginning of this paragraph, we may be doing an injustice to Miss Livesay: in placing too much emphasis

on her discipleship. We should be nearer the truth in saying that her way of feeling is akin to that of the women poets we have mentioned; whom she has cultivated for that very reason. We read what we enjoy most and Dorothy Livesay's poems, like any other poet's, are influenced by her reading. The repetitive rhythms of certain well-known portions of the Bible have a perennial appeal to poets and quite feasibly suggested the similar recurrences which we find in Miss Livesay's work. Her way of feeling is what distinguishes her poetry, and what brings her into line with the metaphysical poets of the past and present.

In *Green Pitcher*, the short collection of poems which she published in 1928, her way of feeling is akin to H.D.'s. The repetitions in the poem 'Defiance' and the characteristic imagist trick of referring by analogy to things concrete and solid remind us immediately of H.D.'s 'Oread.' H.D. makes us feel the oppressive heat in a garden in the same way as Dorothy Livesay makes us feel oppressive gravity. The little book is in the imagist manner:—

Gloves  
As ruddy brown  
As oak leaves, fallen . . .

The terrible animal  
Pain  
Crouched low . . .

Whales are the waves  
Bellowing on the shore,  
Whales harpooned . . .

continued, too, in later poems: 'Sea-Flowers', 'Moment.' The poems have the rounded completeness, and the lines the individual and spontaneous rhythm that the imagists claimed for their poetry. But that is not all:—

I cannot shut out the night—  
Nor its sharp clarity.

The deliberate moon,  
The last, unsolved finality of night.

Clarity, deliberate, and finality affect us with a feeling of strangeness.

I dread the sun  
For his fierce honesty.

Honesty! These words have a new sound, a rather odd silver timbre as though they were foreign, but, in contrast to the imagist use of words, they do not refer immediately to some new object in order to present a new analogy. They are Latin, not Saxon, words, used in an intellectual, not merely poetic, sense. Dorothy Livesay so completely repudiates the romantic tradition that she abhors words which are supposedly poetic. Her lines are spoken rather than sung:—

It was for this,  
And no other reason  
I turned in the darkness—  
And died.

Elinor Wylie said:—

You must die—but of course you must—  
And better later than sooner.

Imagist poetry, as a means rather than an end, is bound to lead to a poetry of ideas: where thoughts are referred to things:—

The thought of you is like a glove  
That I had hidden in a drawer:  
But when I take it out again  
It fits; as close as years before.

(Dorothy Livesay)

We outgrow love like other things  
And put it in a drawer:  
Till it an antique fashion shows  
Like costumes grandsires wore.

(Emily Dickinson)

The contrast is surprising:—

Your mouth on mine  
Is fire on stone.

It is a night of slaughter:  
But for me,  
Meditation.

(Dorothy Livesay)

witty:—

If you were coming in the fall  
I'd brush the summer by  
With half a smile and half a spurn,  
As housewives do a fly.

(Emily Dickinson)

didactic:—

Now he has gone  
Take out your sorrow,  
Shake it, and iron it,  
And put it on tomorrow.

(Dorothy Livesay's advice to Ophelia)

The thought-image may be extended throughout a poem, but it is oftener condensed to epigrammatic terseness:—

I shall lie like this when I am dead . . .  
But with one more secret in my head.

(Dorothy Livesay)

We never know we go—when we are going  
We jest and shut the door;  
Fate following behind us bolts it,  
And we accost no more.

(Emily Dickinson)

Death is a door of departure with Miss Livesay, too, who has written her 'Testament' in a manner similar to Emily Dickinson's:—

Should Loveliness come  
To show me a flower,  
Say I'll be back  
In an hour.

(Dorothy Livesay)

If I shouldn't be alive  
When the robins come,  
Give the one in red cravat  
A memorial crumb.

(Emily Dickinson)

Metaphysical poets all come by the same route to a solitary place where they muse on this poor



DRAWING  
By ELIZABETH WYN WOOD



mortality; they are not afraid of contemplating the flesh and the bone, of disembodiment the spirit. The only one of Dorothy Livesay's poems which causes the reader any difficulty is 'Farewell' in which there are three characters: the poet (or her physical body) who says good-bye to the house, her spirit which remains in the house as part of it left behind after the body has gone—her footsteps are echoes only—and, thirdly, the new tenant of the house who thinks that the poet is gone. In 'Song for Solomon' she approaches her ideal of dramatic terseness and also 'recreates thought into feeling,' in the best manner of the metaphysical poets:—

One day's sorrow  
Is not much  
When there's grief  
Still to touch:  
  
But one day's sorrow  
Drops a stone  
That plunges deep  
Through flesh, through bone.

Dorothy Livesay is young and has other ideals. After reading the work of distinguished poets she can go her own way and, given the refined quality of her mind, she will probably do distinguished work in dramatic characterization with a Canadian setting. We have simply tried to indicate her position and her achievement so far.

The women poets that have figured in this essay have been reproached for their want of purely feminine graces: tenderness, affection. Occasionally an image will make us remember that they are women. They lived so much in themselves that their poems are just the verbal embodiment of their thoughts, keen and precise, but seem to miss the great emotional experiences. Their mental experience may have been immense, but they did not have the opportunity for assimilating all kinds of disparate experience; which is a woman's misfortune. Their thoughts and feelings are exquisite, not general; their art reflects the sensibility of an erudite mind, not (as, for example, Mr. T. S. Eliot's poetry) the mood of a generation of men.

W. E. COLLIN

## HOLIDAY

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

**R**IDING in the car had made her a little faint and unsteady, but now that she was safely inside the big store Mrs. Samchuk felt better. My, it was a long time since she had been here—two months anyhow—and such a lot as she had been through. She had earned a holiday. Lydie and Dolly and Jim would be all right with Mrs. Jenkins to keep an eye on them till Pete got home. It was silly, Pete tramping from house to house looking for work when there wasn't any. Miles he walked to cut a lawn or carry out ashes for fifteen cents. It just used up his shoes and brought back that pain in his leg where he got hurt in the war. He'd do better to look after the kids and let her get out oftener. But now she was out and she meant to stay a while. She lifted the baby higher in her arms and shuffled along the aisle to the cosmetic counter.

It was one of her favourites. The smells were lovely and the colours made it like a garden. The powder boxes were gold and red and green and black, and there were bottles of bath salts, sparkling pink and lavender, and cakes of soap in the shape of roses and swans. Everything glittered like fire. Even the powder puffs were peach and pink and the little rouge boxes were like rubies. Nettie Samchuk walked round the counter very slowly. She didn't dare touch anything but nobody could stop her looking and smelling the thick, bright scents. It was a wonder some of the homely, old-looking women who bought silver powder boxes and huge pink puffs. You'd think such things would be for young girls but very likely the old ones needed them more.

A salesgirl at the corner of the counter sprayed a lady with perfume out of a tall crystal atomizer and a few of the tiny drops fell sparkling on

Nettie's shoulder. She smiled and sniffed them appreciatively. That was nice. Rose, it smelled like, though you couldn't tell. They had such funny names.

Over here were the crepe paper flowers and in the corner the paints and coloured paper for artists. She had liked to paint in school; if she had a paint box now she could dabble in it when the kids were in bed. Suppose the Charities woman found her with a paint box. Nettie almost laughed. Anyhow she was too tired at night to do anything but sleep. For a while she looked at silk stockings and handkerchiefs, gay as flowers, and purses with fancy clasps and your initial cut out of gold and fastened on the corner. Then she took the elevator upstairs. A woman in a big brown fur stared at her and frowned but when she saw the baby she made room. Nettie looked right back at her, not rude but not scared either. A store was for everybody.

Children's clothes—that was another of the places she liked. Of course if she had any money she would go to the basement where the things were that you could really buy, but having none she liked better to stick to places that didn't tempt her. Her favourite game was to dress her children. From the show cases you could choose outfits for all of them and the possibility of having such fine things was too remote to allow any sensation of envy. Mrs. Samchuk leaned against the edge of the counter letting the baby's body rest on it while she selected Lydie's costume. That flowered dress with smocking across the front would be swell on Lydie with one of those pale pink angora tams that looked so soft you wanted to put your face against it. And white shoes and stockings. Lydie hadn't ever had white. She'd be lucky now if she

had any colour. Dolly would look cute in that red knitted outfit with white ducks on the jersey. She moved slowly round the counter staring with fascinated eyes. That blue romper marked 'Made in France' would be real sweet on Jim. The women in France must have good eyes to do that tiny cross stitch. It made Nettie blink to look at it.

There were stools before the counter and, seeing no clerk near, she sat down gingerly and swung her aching feet free of the floor. These shoes hurt her terribly. They were the right size, too. The lady she worked for last fall had given them to her and she had been delighted because they were her own number. Funny how shoes could hurt when they were the right size. Anyhow they did; the soles of her feet were like a burning fire. She sagged all over resting her tired back and arms, for though the baby was light, still carrying him made her arms cramped and stiff. Quite a pretty shawl the Charities woman had given her for him and the dress wasn't bad, only a little yellow around the neck. The bonnet was too big, though, and made his dark, tiny face look like a withered apple. Funny how such a mite of a baby could make you such a lot of pain. He slept so quietly you would almost be worried if you hadn't had babies before, thinking there was something wrong with him.

'Would you like to look at anything, madam?'

The salesgirl had come up without Nettie's seeing and her voice was icily sarcastic. Horrid little snip. Nettie got off the stool with dignity and walked away, not hurrying, to show that she was as good as anybody. Well, there was a lot ahead of her, she had better be getting on. It would be more pleasure if she weren't quite so tired and shaky but it was something to remember anyway, a real treat for anybody that was kept in so close.

The dresses and hats she had been looking forward to. But no mother of four children could get into a dress like that green one, not if her corset was as rickety as Nettie's. No hips at all to them and the models looked about seven feet tall. That blue velvet one with a cream lace vest—if that wasn't the grandest thing! Nettie's mouth opened in a kind of gape of rapture. The way the skirt swept out in deep blue folds right to the floor. You'd have to have swell slippers with diamond buckles. What would Pete say if he saw her in a dress like that. She sighed and hitched the baby upward again. He kept slipping down so, as if her arms were not strong enough to hold him.

Pete hadn't seen her look nice since the year they were married. This green and orange print she had on was faded to a bilious yellow and her red dress at home wasn't much better. Ma had told her she wouldn't have anything if she married a foreigner like Pete Samchuk. But he had such black eyes and she hadn't paid any attention to Ma. Well, he had done his best. They were on the Charities but still they were a lot better off than some. Mrs. Jenkins' husband had left her and Mrs. Knebel's was dead of pneumonia only last month and her with eight children and ex-

pecting again. You couldn't complain when you had your man even if he didn't earn fifty cents some weeks.

Those little hats that sat on one side of your head like a doughnut were kind of cute. For herself Nettie felt she would prefer the good old pull-down kind. The one she had on had been given to her by a lady she worked for when Dolly was a baby. It was all out of shape now, if it had ever had a shape, and was the colour of the ground, but you always knew you had it on and that it wouldn't slide off unexpectedly. May Jenkins had one of these new one-sided hats with her hair all waved where the hat wasn't. It looked cute on her but the wonder was with Mr. Jenkins gone and May out of work these three months where the girl found money to pay for it. Likely there was something queer about it. Mrs. Jenkins better keep an eye on her. Nettie took the elevator again.

Here were the hammocks and swings and the sight was too tempting. She slipped in cautiously among them and sat down on a huge sliding couch covered with striped denim. The baby stirred fretfully as she laid him in her lap but he did not cry. My, but it was grand to sit down a minute. Her back was one grinding pain. She lifted one burning foot off the floor and then the other. If you had a couch like this you'd have a swell garden to put it in with grass and flower beds and a shiny silver ball like the one that had been displayed in the store window. Nettie didn't know what they were for but they would look nice with the sun shining on them.

The floor walker was coming. Nettie saw him but she couldn't gather up the baby and get to her feet in time.

'It's against the rules to sit on the couches,' he said sharply.

She moved obediently away. It hadn't been much of a rest but she had as good as seen the green garden with the silver ball in the middle of it.

Groceries. That was another good place. It made you hungry, if you hadn't been hungry before, to see the piles of polished apples, the bright oranges, and pale grapefruit. Then the moist pink cuts of meat and the long marble counter ranged with cheeses and the fascinating wire the man used to cut them. And cakes iced with roses and 'happy birthday' in pink, and the crusty brown rolls. Nettie sighed and leaned against the glass case with a sudden horrible empty feeling. A girl in white was demonstrating a jelly powder, serving out portions of sparkling orange jelly in white fluted paper cups, but she pretended not to see Mrs. Samchuk who lingered a little and then hunched the baby up and started on.

That potato salad looked nice now with curls of lettuce all round it and a flower on top made of bits of beet and olive. The Charities' food was all right but a body got tired of oatmeal and beans and turnips and no meat but stewing beef. The kids never had liked porridge but they had to get

used to it now right enough. Nettie couldn't bear the sight of it herself, but you couldn't complain, at least not to the Charities.

Should she go to the rest room and sit down a while? It would be nice but maybe she'd had enough for today. Pete would be home and the kids fussing. She took the elevator down. Her forehead was all over sweat and really if she had been that kind of a person Nettie would have thought she was going to faint. But once she got into the air she'd be all right. While she was hurrying toward a door, a dreadful thing happened. A tall, horse-faced woman in a mannish suit stood in front of her suddenly, demanding, in a loud, terrifying voice,

'How old is that baby?'

Nettie was so startled that she could only stare and mutter,

'Two weeks.'

'Two weeks! Don't you know you haven't any business to bring a baby as young as that into a place full of germs? Somebody ought to see about it. I never heard of such a thing. I don't see—'

Nettie opened her mouth to tell the woman what she thought of her for interfering with a decent, respectable person, but she felt all at once too tired, too helplessly weak to say a word. Instead she plodded around the tall woman and reached the door.

She was trembling all over. The horrible, prying woman had spoiled all her pleasure. Now she couldn't go home till she saw something nice to take the bad taste out of her mouth. And here it was, in the display window right beside her. Under a white and silver arch stood a bride with a satin train yards long and a veil, cold and cloudy white like a snowstorm. Those looked like real lilies in her hands only of course they couldn't be. Made awfully good, though, to fool a person like that. Nettie's curved arms holding the baby sagged slowly downward while she gazed. Then someone brushed against her and she sighed and hoisted the bundle to the level of her breast.

One hand fumbled for the street car ticket in the pocket of her sweater. No need to carry a purse when that was all she had. The car stop was on the other side of the street. She took her place in the crowd at the corner to wait for the green light. Her knees bent under her with weariness, but she thought that when they saw the baby someone would give her a seat in the car. The kids would be crying and she would have to hurry with their supper. Never mind. She could go on now for a while. She had had her holiday.



## COMMENT ON ART

### THE GROUP OF SEVEN

IT was in 1919 that J. E. H. MacDonald wrote this confession of faith: 'The Canadian spirit in art is just entering on the possession of its heritage. It is opening a new world and the Canadian artists respond with a spirit that is very good.' Defining this new world he added: 'It is not often so softly beautiful as ruggedly strong, large, homely, free, and frankly simple in colour. The Canadian spirit in art prefers the raw youthful homeliness of Canada to the over-blown beauty of the recognized art countries.' In the meanwhile, and for nine years past, Canadian art had slowly awakened. Alex. Jackson had painted his 'Edge of the Maple Wood' in 1910, and it had already entered the collection of Lawren Harris; then he had painted that somber synthesis of a new Canadian mood in art 'The Northland' and it had been shown in the Royal Canadian Academy exhibition in 1918. It had almost acted like a banner around which to gather. Tom Thomson had come into being as a passionate interpreter of the North country, however mumbling he was in his attempt at expressing himself. J. E. H. MacDonald, the refined, cultured, gracious poet with a Scotch background of lyrical traditions mingled with a rational sense of analysis, must have been watching his comrades and friends in this young and growing Canada in which circumstances had brought him to share of its wealth of promise, and probably he first of all must have been in a position to realize what was happening.

All this was taking place some twelve years ago. It was the beginning of The Group of Seven. We all know, either because we lived with it, or because we have learnt it, the amazing story of this art adventure. Fred Housser in his book, *A Canadian Art Movement*, has given us the inside threads of this movement; he has offered us, and in a final way, a philosophical evaluation of its importance in its relation to Canada.

Since then the Group of Seven has gone on, not as a stiff art organization with a constitution and regular business meetings at which are discussed art questions of apparently capital importance; but as a living body, inspired and inspiring. Meanwhile the rest of artists in Canada have, in a spontaneous way, divided into two categories. On the one side those who gradually came under the influence of the Seven, some for better work, others for worse; and those who went on painting Barbizon, Dutch, or impressionist pictures or weak imitations of weak Royal Academy paintings. Every once in a while good exhibitions were held by some art organization or another in which appeared here and there art expressions which were acting like beacons, while the members of the Group would go on provoking periodical spells of indignation among the well-meaning public.

Eventually the leaders weakened. Lawren Harris whose bold stylization of symbolical 'Lake Superior' or 'Rocks in the Georgian Bay,' Lawren



Harris whose unfailing faith and aggressiveness had, for years, scandalized the morons, slowly retired to the sanctuary of an aristocratic spirituality where his understanding and aesthetic appreciation of human values suddenly froze as though under the spell of a magic wand, his voice ceased to speak, his heart ceased to beat, and his mountains, and his lakes, and his rocks and his trees in their cold blue, green, or white garment did not seem to live any more.

Arthur Lismer the wild prophet who expressed his dynamic temperament in his beautiful 'September Gale', and had found an outlet for his undying energy and passion in the painting of those fantastic gesticulating trees which we all associate now with the Northland, woke up one morning to find that he liked the warmth of a cosy shelter in the city better than the rough life of the backwoods, his great adventure of love for the Canadian wilderness had been lived. His love had become gentle, as gentle as his new vision of the Canadian outdoors, and gradually there came to hang in Canadian exhibitions, delightful little bits, like the 'Red Chair' or scenes of the pretty coves of Nova Scotia. His colours became softer and more brilliant and when, last month, at the seventh exhibition of The Group of Seven, the onlooker came to pass his sketches of blue rivers and leisurely boats on soft beaches, he had to turn to his catalogue to recognize his old friend 'Lismer', Lismer the now gentle painter of the Canadian wilds.

Least of all has J. E. H. MacDonald forsaken his past. Poet he was when all the others were stolid bards with bassoon voices and rough words. True, his 'Tangled Garden' was considered crude in colours by those who had jumped from the job of Races' reporter to that of art writer, but his interest in a kindlier, friendlier sort of landscape has remained with him and, save for a change of technique, his 'Forest Wilderness', an old picture of his exhibited at the Art Gallery of Toronto last month with The Group of Seven show, is of the same blood as his recent sketches, which in turn are of the same quality as his 'Solemn Land.' He had not gone as far as the other leaders, he did not weaken with them.

F. H. Varley was not represented at all last month with the other members of the Group. However, of all the men of the Seven he probably is the only one whose influence is suddenly felt afresh and strong, if one is to judge by the Vancouver representation in the Fifty-Second Exhibition of The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts which was held from November to December at the Art Association Gallery of Montreal. Every painting coming from Vancouver which was interesting or fine showed a Varley influence.

Alone in his survival, and I might say in his renewed youth and wealth of inspiration, is Alex. Jackson, whom one might call the single survivor of The Group of Seven. He had fifteen canvases in the exhibition. Each of them was a new thing in itself and a successful thing. He even had a drab little picture—but how well felt—called 'The Water Works, Brockville', which

was like a new version of Canadian art, all by itself.

So, on the whole, it seemed that The Group of Seven had lived its life, that the story was told. Yet to one who had seen the Royal Academy show in Montreal (which opened in mid-November) with its incredibly good work passed by the jury and contributed by non-members from practically every province of this Dominion, there is, beyond the work of the Seven, the outcome of their work, the result of their influence, something developing, growing throughout Canada, new forms of expression, new ideas in the process of germination, fresh emotions born from a renewed viewpoint, all because these Seven did, some twelve years ago, shake the Barbizon and Dutch shackles which held Canadian art in bondage. The Group of Seven perhaps has died with this December exhibition. It has died, in the sense that each of the leaders who were its members has gone on by himself, that the paths of the Seven have parted, perhaps never to cross again, but their very motive for coming into existence as a group, has grown so far and so wide that Canadian art has emerged from this initial Canadian art movement. Instead of Seven there are now, fifteen, twenty, perhaps thirty or more alive creative artists throughout the country and these are because of Harris, and Lismer, and MacDonald, and Jackson; because of Thomson too. Prudence Heward, George Pepper, Sarah Robertson, Annie Savage, Albert Robinson, Emily Carr and Fitzgerald the outstanding draftsman of Winnipeg, and Brooker, a living logarithm in art; and those ten or twelve painters who found grace before the Academy jury in spite of their kinship to the Seven; W. P. Weston and J. W. G. MacDonald, both of Vancouver, Ruth Dingle and Cecil Brownlee of Quebec, Marjorie Borden of Ottawa, are a few of them.

Art, art, even in the crude environment of a mine shaft, somewhere around Kirkland Lake: the Hoods, a young man and his wife, are creating art out of their primitive life and rough surroundings. The mine shafts themselves are used as a theme for beauty by Yvonne McKague, this increasingly broadening interpreter of Cobalt and its industrial life.

After the preview of the Group of Seven exhibition there came the announcement that The Group had ceased to exist as such. A bigger association is to take its place, not a formal art society with constitution and executives but an art group, widened to include a far-reaching representation of all creative Canadian artists. With this step and with a new promise for Canadian art there ended the year of 1931.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER

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THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

## DECLINE OF THE GROUP OF SEVEN

THE Group of Seven and their followers have always been regarded as Canadian through and through. That has been their special pride and they have never tired of praising the grandeur of the North and the Great Canadian Shield. But for Canadian patriots, lovers of our Country, their present exhibit is far from cheering. For they are ever becoming more artistic, more artificial. Without any feeling for the face of our country they tiresomely express themselves in strange and unbeautiful forms, in artificially constructed scenery without life.

There are a few exceptions to this saddening prospect, Jackson, Casson, and possibly a few others. Mr. Jackson's work is the main justification for the show. He is one of the few live Canadian painters. His pictures are full of insight that comes from love of the land, without intrusion of self or artistic notions. Fortunate Province of Quebec to have such a recorder. If only Ontario had the same. If we ever pray let us ask for one as good.

But to return to criticism. The Group—or at least their followers—in their efforts to be modern and free are in danger of becoming more conventional than older societies. They lack life that comes from keeping their feet on the ploughed ground and eyes on the face of nature. If the Group intends to be a nursery for incompetent painters, then all right, but if they aim to raise the standard of painting in Canada and to increase the love and understanding of our country, then something different must be done.

T. M.

## CONTRIBUTORS

W. E. COLLIN, a member of the staff in French at the University of Western Ontario, is a frequent contributor to the better American reviews.

MARY QUAYLE INNIS of Toronto has contributed many short stories to various Canadian publications, including THE CANADIAN FORUM.

F. L. KAY, who is a native of New Zealand, is at present a member of the staff in Classics at University College, Toronto.

DOROTHY LIVESAY, after graduating last spring from Trinity College, University of Toronto, went to Paris, where she is continuing her literary studies.

F. R. SCOTT is a professor in the Faculty of Law at McGill University and a frequent contributor to this journal.



## NOCTURNE IN A SLUM STREET

Little circles of light  
Illumine the dark street,  
And the flitting human shadow-shapes.

A twisted-backed beggar  
And a tall ex-mechanic  
Turn into a cheap flop-house,  
Almost together.  
The dark doorway swallows them  
The first in dulled despair;  
The second in sharp shame and dim anger,  
Anger at civilization.

A little shadow melts into a doorway,  
As a tired policeman swaggers around  
The corner that marks the end of his beat.

The policeman glances around,  
His eyes blinded by the darkness,  
Then turns  
And with measured tread tramps back his lonely  
beat.

The little shadow slides out  
From the shelter of the door  
And halts another shadow-shape

Indistinct in the darkness.  
The halted one looks down  
Into wizened, cheap rouged cheeks  
And raw-red lips,  
And hesitates a moment, and that  
To bargain, half-jestingly.

Then the two shadows merge  
And walk two blocks,  
Two reeling, grimy blocks,  
And finally vanish into a house  
That has a sign askew in a dirty window:

'Room to let.'

BERTRAM A. CHAMBERS

## SWELL CHURCH

In our sleek limousines  
We draw up to the door,  
In the paths of the wealthy we've trod,  
Then we sit on our cushions  
And bow our fat heads  
To a terribly fashionable God.

Though our church cost three million  
We give conscience rest,  
In a satisfying way and with ease,  
By sinking fat bellies,  
Expelling our breath,  
And praying for the starving Chinese.

ROSS JAMES



## AN ARTIST IN PROSE

BROOME STAGES, by Clemence Dane (Heinemann-Doubleday Doran and Gundy; pp. 703; \$3.00).

THIS amazing volume possesses two characteristics: indeed, except the beautiful print and format, only two. It is magnificently written and it is almost ludicrously long. There were times when I fancied that I should never reach the end but sink like a camel beside the desert-track—'And Mecca saddens at the long delay.' Now and again I withdrew from the world and read another two or three pounds, but that seemed to make no difference. However, here I am at last—staggering into camp gaunt, famished, but alive, a tattered Union Jack clutched in one emaciated fist. Was there ever such a book? It is half as long again as the whole poetical works of Milton.

Why did Miss Dane do it? One reviewer says this is an epic, which is just a reviewer's method of saying 'very long.' There is nothing epic about *Broome Stages*, which in form is simply half-a-dozen novels melted together at the ends. One is tempted to guess that she was fired by the example of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *The Forsyte Saga*. But the first has a noble unity; the second is just a series of stories about successive generations of the same family. There is only one good excuse for this colossus, and common-sense suggests that Miss Dane must have been influenced by this and no other.

How often is a fine artistic effect spoiled, not by the fact that the story closes but by the reader's knowledge that it is about to close! He is in the midst of a thrilling entanglement that might seem to need thirty pages for its solution; but out of the corner of his eye he sees THE END. He cannot but realize that some abrupt blow is about to settle all. Now, the immensity of *Broome Stages* allows of 'ends' that arrive when he does not and cannot expect them. Lady Lettice appears first on p. 29 and continues for hundreds of pages, till you begin to imagine that she will see the book out. Suddenly she is burnt to death before you have time to say good-bye. So with Harry Broome, who holds the magnificent record of 358 pages and dies with hardly more warning.

The style is superb. Miss Dane gave us in *Will Shakespeare* the finest poetical drama written in English during the last three hundred years. Here she is revealed as a splendid artist in prose. *Broome Stages* depicts a great family of actors, theatrical managers, and playwrights, beginning with Richard Broome (born in 1715) and continuing to our own day, when we leave John Broome about to reconquer the dramatic

world. From generation to generation they are mighty exponents of Shakespeare, and the inspiration of his art runs through everything like a sumptuous golden thread. It is not obtrusive: all danger of such an effect is avoided because each man and woman is quite openly and professionally saturated in the poet. At any crisis his words rise spontaneously to their lips: their lives are moulded by their ability, or lack of ability, to play Goneril or Oberon. More than one magnificent scene is a performance, where private hopes or agonies are poignantly entwined with the mimic climaxes of Shakespearean drama.

A splendid artist in prose, I said. This is not, perhaps, a truly great novel, though I am not aware that anyone living has written a better. *Broome Stages*, despite obvious differences, stands on the same level of general excellence as the best work of Wells and Sinclair Lewis. It reveals (that is) a perfect mastery of the pen, subtle observation, and a brilliant sense of personality. Miss Dane can express perfectly what she can imagine. Her minor felicities are amazing. 'He had really fallen in love with her frowning face at the moment when she decided not to frown at him any longer.' 'Middle-aged people talked about being tired as if it were a state like being French or married. Silly!' 'She had forgotten her prayers; but she was too lazy to get out again, so she bent up her knees into the proper attitude and said them to the ceiling.' Domina Broome, who at nineteen lost her elderly husband, muses thus in later life. 'Joscelyn, I'm nearly as old as you were when you died. Only seven years between us now.' Longer passages are equally perfect, above all, perhaps, the story of the love and elopement of Edmund and Elinor. Amazing skill is shown by the postponement of Elinor's consent. The most experienced reader, long convinced that despite her imminent marriage to Wybird she will turn to Edmund, nevertheless begins to doubt when he sees her so continually refusing Edmund and reaching at length a point at which the marriage is but twenty-five minutes distant. That is perfect ultra-sophisticated artistry.

But most notable of all is the humanity that vibrates from end to end of this vast chronicle. While reading it you are drinking in life.

GILBERT NORWOOD

## THE DOSTOEVSKY MYTH

DOSTOEVSKY, A New Biography by E. H. Carr, with a preface by D. S. Mirsky (Allen & Unwin; pp. 331; \$3.75).

FIFTY years ago Dostoevsky died in the full glory of the public oration in which he had explained the meaning of Pushkin with digressions on the beauty of the Russian soul. He died admired by all the conservative and backward-yearning forces in Russia, by the Slavophiles, by the church and the imperial court, and by the narrower minds among the nobility. He died hated by the radical and rational men of his time; notably by Turgenev, who, after comparing him with the Marquis de Sade, went on to say:



'And to think that for this our de Sade all the Russian bishops have celebrated masses, and preachers read sermons on the universal love of this universal man—verily we live in strange times.' The formation of the Dostoevsky-myth had already begun; and in Western Europe he was envisaged as in part a passionately democratic humanitarian like Whitman, in part a soul of strange and troubling beauty like Baudelaire. The man who in *The Possessed* had vehemently attacked the ideals of the Russian reformers and acridly satirized their greatest leaders, Turgenev among others; who in *Crime and Punishment* had dealt a stunning blow to the ethical doctrine of the German idealists; and who in *The Brothers Karamazov* had glorified the Russian church and set a libertine above a sceptic; this was the man who in Western Europe was to be idolized as a prophet and a rebel. Dostoevsky, who was essentially a townsman and a nomad, was to be received as the spokesman of the *Moujik*. Milestones in the making of the myth were what Prince Mirsky in his trenchant preface calls 'the Pecksniffian sob-stuff of Mr. Middleton Murry, the perverse and arbitrary sophistications of André Gide and the unutterable rot of a legion of pseudo-profound Germans.' Mr. Carr has as little patience with the myth as his sponsor.

'The first thing,' says Prince Mirsky, 'for which Mr. Carr's book has to be recommended is that it is the first life of Dostoevsky, in any language, to be based on adequate material.' The Revolution of 1917 and the death of Dostoevsky's widow in 1919 have opened to the Russian public and to searchers in archives and elsewhere an extraordinary sum of new material. His wife's diary covering the first months of their marriage, her incomplete memoirs written after his death, a collection of his letters to her, the memoirs of his younger brother, the biographical study of Dostoevsky by his daughter, the diary of one of his most striking mistresses,—all these materials have been given to the public during the past decade. A complete collection of his letters is in process of publication at Moscow. All these materials Mr. Carr uses. To what do they amount? They amount to an extraordinarily complete narrative of his relations with others and a fairly complete one of his relation with himself from the time when he began to write *Crime and Punishment* in 1866 to the time of his death fifteen years later. Of his earlier years it is unlikely that we shall ever know much more; for his second wife was so 'possessive,' as Mr. Carr puts it, that she was jealous of all records of Dostoevsky's life previous to his meeting with her; and what records she could find she rigorously dealt with, barring out whole passages and perhaps destroying whole documents.

The new materials will force us to revise our conceptions of the man Dostoevsky. In Prince Mirsky's opinion 'the Dostoevsky that emerges from Mr. Carr's narrative is a pathetic, somewhat infantile, and yet in some ways distinctly disingenuous Dostoevsky, that is miles apart from both the prophet of the older and the demon of

the more recent legend.' Disingenuous only in the sense in which Erasmus was disingenuous, infantile only as Rousseau or Coleridge or Heine was infantile. These last names point to the period in which Dostoevsky really belongs; he is a complete romantic, and, like Melville and Hawthorne, living in a country remote from the sources of new ideas, he is a belated romantic, modern, to quote once more from the preface 'only in so far as the term "modern" can be extended to Rousseau, Byron and Benjamin Constant.'

The novels are, in Mr. Carr's study, more securely integrated in Dostoevsky's life than ever before. The experiences and records which served as the points of departure for his novels, the characters whom he fused for his greatest creations, his ability to lay one story upon another and still produce a living if confused novel,—these and other matters of similar bearing are carefully and convincingly elaborated by Mr. Carr. In what he has to say of *The Possessed* (which he prefers to call *The Devils*), he is at his best; he gives a persuasive explanation of a great number of inconsistencies in detail and of the general uncertainty of structure which must have troubled many a reader of that novel. Not only has he given us the best study of Dostoevsky in any Western language; he has given us one of the most discerning examinations of fiction written in our time.

E. K. BROWN

#### LITERATURE OF ROGUERY

THE KING OF THE BEGGARS. Bampfylde-Moore Carew, edited by C. H. Wilkinson (Oxford University Press; pp. xxiv, 307; \$4.00).

CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE, by Francis Grose, edited by Eric Partidge (Scholartis Press; pp. x, 396; 32/-).

HERE are two excellent reprints—both admirably edited—of works of considerable interest and importance to the student of what is generally known as the literature of roguery. Mr. Wilkinson gives us here in their original form *The Life and Adventures of Bampfylde-Moore Carew* (1745) and his *Apology* (1749), both very rare books, as this highly respectable Devonshire family, not relishing this sort of notoriety, bought up and destroyed as many copies as they could. There were, of course, many later editions, but the story of his famous tricks and impersonations has here been much obscured by the addition of descriptive material borrowed from travel-books together with the political moralizings of the printer, R. Goadby of Exeter. Indeed the *Apology* itself is said to have been Carew's story as he related it to Mrs. Goadby, and here already the narrative is broken up clumsily by lists of the natural products and trade of the various American Colonies visited by him, and by digressions containing gibes at the romantic manner of the novelists, particularly Fielding, in a way which shows a complete misunderstanding of his parody of the heroic manner.

Unfortunately these remarks serve only to

remind us how much more readable this book would be if only it showed a little more of the novelist's skill in handling a story. For although it is packed with varied incident, and although the adventures of the hero lead him to the shores of the Baltic as well as to both sides of the Atlantic, and bring him in touch with many types of people both in respectable society and in his own kingdom of Mumpers or beggars, the appetite is quickly cloyed with the very abundance of these ill-prepared and badly served dishes. And we wish that Carew had told his story to Fielding or Smollett or perhaps Goldsmith, instead of to the wife of Goadby the printer.

But for all that we learn much about the habits of beggars, and realize what an important place they held in eighteenth century life. They did not represent the dregs of society, the useless and unemployable, but were a highly-coloured swarm of rogues and vagabonds, constantly drawing fresh recruits from all whom fortune—in the shape of shipwreck, fire, bankruptcy, etc.—had tumbled, in the days before insurance companies and the social services existed. And from time to time noble lords or gentlemen's sons would take a hand in the game, for diversion or for a living.

It was natural that such a world should have its own manners and traditions and language, and should produce its own literature. A good many volumes appeared during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with the purpose of enlightening and protecting the public against the cheats and villainies practised by these rogues and vagabonds from Thomas Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabones* (1567) down to *The Scoundrel's Dictionary* (1754) with its 'Curious Dissertations on the Art of Wheedling, and a Collection of their Flash Songs, with a Proper Glossary.'

It was from such sources and from Bampfyde-Moore Carew's books that Captain Francis Grose compiled his *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* in 1785. A third revised edition appeared in 1796, and that is here reprinted with an extensive commentary by Mr. Eric Partridge. No one could have been better fitted for such a task than the author of that modern Cant Dictionary: *Songs and Slang of the British Soldier: 1914-1918*.

Mr. Partridge has solved the chief problem that faces a modern editor of Grose, by issuing only 550 copies for private subscribers, and thus avoiding the necessity for any bowdlerization, and adding a good deal to the edification and entertainment of those privileged to own the book. He also adds a short biographical sketch of Captain Grose, which thoroughly confirms our confidence in this 'antiquarian Falstaff' as an expert in his full knowledge not only of the literary sources but also of the actual spoken cant and slang in use among the rogues in the Back Slums of St. Giles's, where he was evidently a popular figure. It is not surprising that such a man delighted and amused Burns, who met him as he was journeying about gathering materials for his *Antiquities of Scotland*, and celebrated their

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friendship by writing for him *Tam o' Shanter*. It is curious to reflect that he is now perhaps more widely known not for his *Dictionary* not for his many volumes of *Antiquities* but as the person who occasioned these lines:—

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,  
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's;  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede you tent it:  
A chiel's amang you, taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it.

But wad ye see him in his glee,  
For meikle glee and fun has he,  
Then set him down, and twa or three  
Guid fellows wi' him;  
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,  
And then ye'll see him!

H. J. DAVIS

### A HERRIES SAGA

JUDITH PARIS, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 564; \$2.50).

*Judith Paris* is the second of the chronicles of the Herries family, the heroine being the daughter of the theatrical Rogue of the previous novel. Mr. Walpole, who is ever eager to justify his ways to his public, introduces the newcomer in a prefatory letter, which is at once a defence of *Rogue Herries* and an anticipation of the criticism which may be levelled at the present volume. *Judith Paris*, it appears, is no mere sequel, but one of a carefully planned series of four novels—'I must here confess that I had, more than twenty years ago, the plan of writing the history of an English family that should cover two hundred years, and that should have, throughout, the same English scene for its centre. This was, I think (although Mr. Galsworthy may correct me), before the later Forsytes were even thought of, or any suspicion of Sagas hung in the literary air.' The Herries history, continues Mr. Walpole, he must be allowed to treat in his own way, which is 'frankly a romantic one,' but, he infers, his is a practical romanticism. 'Every scene and character has been deliberately chosen by me because of the book's continuous theme. At the awful word Theme, however, I feel that I am growing altogether too serious and solemn.'

Despite the coy withdrawal in this last sentence, it is evident that Mr. Walpole considers the Herries saga his most serious and solemn work. His programme is an ambitious one. He has in each novel a threefold purpose—to tell the story of one particular member of the Herries family, to pursue the history of the family itself during the same period, and to present all of this as part of the social history of England. The scheme is not without its dangers. It is evident that the social history must be kept within bounds, and that of the family must not be allowed to swamp that of the individual who is the book's *raison d'être*. Unfortunately for the first venture, *Rogue Herries* was all too slim a foundation for the elaborate structure. Mr. Walpole never quite succeeded in convincing the reader that this creature of his romantic imagination was anything but a fantastic costume

with temperamental eccentricities to match. This lack of solidity in the main character is a fault of which Mr. Walpole is frequently guilty. It ruined completely his attempt at a thriller published a few months ago, the thinness of the book's structure making it glaringly obvious. If, in *Rogue Herries*, one was diverted from the hero's shortcomings by a wealth of character and description, the flaw was none the less fatal. The detail replaced the Rogue as chief interest, the book becoming a jumble of character sketch and local colour.

*Judith Paris* is more successful than its predecessor, for Judith gives the impression of being made of flesh and blood. She actually does hold the novel together, embodying the conflict between the poetic and the practical in the Herries temperament which appears to be the 'continuous theme.' For all that the book is a cluttered, untidy affair. As ever, character is sacrificed to atmosphere. Mr. Walpole's love of picturesque detail has become an obsession. He has no conception of the artistic value of economy of device. Possessing the acquisitive instincts of the collector, he must have local colour and more local colour, until the book becomes a museum. The background is not created by the characters, it dominates them. Judith is powerless to cope with it. It includes even the Poets. She must go to tea with the Southseys, and hobnob with Sir Walter Scott in Paris. This passion for topical references is carried to the height of absurdity, when, in the most serious discussion in the book, Francis Herries asks what is at the root of the family's dual nature. 'You should ask Mr. Southey these things,' answers Judith, 'He is a poet.'

Perhaps because Mr. Walpole is not a poet he is powerless to solve his own riddle. 'We are a strange family,' says Francis, 'It seems that the Dreamer must always destroy the Man of Deeds, and so either way you fail. . . . It would be the subject for an Epic, this Herries struggle, with a changing England behind it.' That there is a struggle, Mr. Walpole has told us frequently, and he is giving us the epic, but we still do not quite know what it is all about. It is all very pleasant, but the sweet disorder which we are assured is the result of careful planning obscures the issue, and blurs beyond repair any attempt at sustained characterization. M. A. CAMPBELL





## A VARIETY OF ADVENTURES

ONE GENERATION AWAY, by Leslie Gordon Barnard (Dodd-Simpson Press; pp. 438; \$2.50).

THIS is one of the most attractive and valuable books that have appeared in Canada in a good while. The binding, printing, and make-up are remarkably fine, and would almost in themselves justify the purchase of the book as a work of art. The stories that Mr. Barnard has chosen for this volume would indeed be worth having in any form, and the Canadian public is doubly fortunate in having them thus admirably presented.

It is unlikely that those who have read any of these stories in the periodicals in which they first appeared, will have forgotten them, but they will find that they gain rather than lose on a second reading, and the collection permits a better appreciation of the range and variety of the author's talent.

It is this imaginative breadth of sympathy, and a certain sane maturity of judgment, that set him off from our short-story writers of mere technical competence. The technique is excellent, but here it is at the service of ideas, not of a formula; and all trace of provincial limitations in subject or manner have disappeared. The general impression is of such a grave and almost happy serenity, that one is surprised, on running over the details of plot, to find that so far as the external action goes, most of the stories would be said to end as tragedies. There is no shirking of the pitiful, even of the sordid, but despair and violence are wholly absent. Yet there is nothing soft or flabby in the effect; the pathos and tenderness displayed have a genuine tragic nobility, the outcome of a spiritual confidence that thinks nobly of the soul. This man's nerves are under the control of his intelligence.

The selection includes work of the last ten years. There is a definite improvement from the somewhat conventional, and melodramatic 'Vanity Square,' with its imperfectly realized characters, to the more subtle, more unusual, and more convincing psychological study of the 'Haunted Man.' The progress is not mechanically regular, for 'The Pagan' and 'Marie Louise' are as fine as anything in the book. The stories deal with a wide variety of spiritual adventures, experienced by all manners of characters from the simple, inarticulate directness of Miss Chivers or Letty, to the blind absorption of the sophisticated artist Ashcroft, in 'Marie Louise,' or the tormented weakness of another artist, Haydon, in the 'Haunted Man': the tone is not less varied, ranging from serious conviction and imaginative beauty to light or grim irony, effectively controlled.

The title of the collection, *One Generation Away*, implies, the author tells us, his feeling of continuity with the main stream of English thought and feeling, but the stories themselves, though dealing almost entirely with contemporary life, have a classic permanence and timelessness that leads one to hope they may prove to be the fore-runners of a new epoch in Canadian

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literature, characterized like them by the mature confidence and unprovincial ease of an art that knows its essentials, and is free from any bondage to the irrelevancies of geographic and other such external conditions; free, that is, to work from a self-consciousness that is autonomous and artistic, not one that is a mere variety of morbid and blustering stage-fright. Here is one more proof that literature can be genuinely Canadian without surrendering to a doctrinaire parochialism.

L. A. MACKAY

### SYMBOLS OF LIFE

THE WAVES, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press; pp. 325; 7/6).

SIX people, Susan, Jinny, Rhoda, Bernard, Neville, Louis, think aloud, now for a minute, now for an hour. We listen, and when we close the book we realize that never before has a book brought us so close to the organic, symbol-using expression of the experience of life. The six characters are all sophisticated, all capable of holding their own lives in their hands and looking at them. All speak in symbols, but the symbols are always there in their experience, used not invented. So when we open the book in the middle and read 'All mists curl off the roof of my being' or 'I will not lift my foot to climb the stair. I will stand for one moment beneath the immitigable tree' we are carried back to the opening pages, to 'When the smoke rises, sleep curls off the roof like a mist,' and to 'The Apple-tree leaves became fixed in the sky; the moon glared; I was unable to lift my foot up the stair.'

The whole book is in the form of monologue, and all the characters are in some sense artists. At significant, though not by any means dramatic or sensational, moments in their lives, they speak, summing up their personalities in symbolic, often poetic language. They are not merely drifting along, their creator is not merely recording the stream of consciousness. But five or six times we listen to them giving form to their own attitude to life. Three times all six are together: at lessons with a governess in the country; at a dinner which they give in honour of Percival, the beloved of them all, who is going to India; at another dinner, late in middle age, at Hampton Court. Sometimes two meet, as when Bernard goes to see Jinny after Percival's death, and there are suggestions of close emotional ties between other pairs. But for the most part it is when the characters are alone that they speak to us.

And this is how they speak. It is after the dinner to say good-bye to Percival:—

'Now once more,' said Louis, 'as we are about to part, having paid our bill, the circle in our blood, broken so often, so sharply, for we are so different, closes in a ring. Something is made. Yes, as we rise and fidget, a little nervously, we pray, holding in our hands this common feeling, "Do not move, do not let the swing door cut to pieces the thing that we have made, that globes itself here, among these lights, these peelings, this litter of bread crumbs and people passing. Do not move, do not go. Hold it for ever."'

'Let us hold it for one moment,' said Jinny; 'love, hatred, by whatever name we call it, this globe whose walls are made of Percival, of youth and beauty, and something so deep sunk within us that we shall perhaps never make this moment out of one man again.'

Then comes the only external event in the book, the death of Percival:—

'The sails of the world have swung round and caught me on the head. All is over. The lights of the world have gone out. There stands the tree which I cannot pass.'

'Something is added to my interpretation. Something lies deeply buried. For one moment I thought to grasp it. But bury it, bury it; let it breed hidden in the depths of my mind some day to fructify. After a long lifetime, loosely, in a moment of revelation, I may lay hands on it, but now the idea breaks in my hand. Ideas break a thousand times for once that they globe themselves entire.'

These quotations are taken almost at random. The whole book is inspired, and must be read slowly, page by page. The symbolism is so perfectly mastered that the whole must be known intimately in order to understand the parts. It has to be held in the mind as an entity. Virginia Woolf helps us to do this in two ways. First, by the lyrical passages linking chapter with chapter, giving us the passing of a single day from sunrise to sunset in the natural world. Sea and land pass from darkness through twilight to the relentless cruel midday (when Percival dies) and again through evening to the darkness of night. And still through all the changes of light, the waves break on the shore. When dawn breaks it is on one definite bit of shore-line, one particular house, one room in the house. But at high noon we see lands and oceans south and north, for life has brought far wanderings and separation.

And she helps us too by the beautiful last chapter in which Bernard (speaking to an almost complete stranger) examines the globe of his life, and lets us, through symbols which only the earlier chapters interpret, into the depths of his mind:—

Then it happens that two figures standing with their backs to the window appear against the branches of a spreading tree. With a shock of emotion one feels 'There are figures without features robed in beauty.' In the pause that follows while the ripples spread, the girl to whom one should be talking says to herself, 'He is old.' But she is wrong. It is not age; it is that a drop has fallen; another drop. Time has given the arrangement another shake. Out we creep from the arch of the currant leaves, out into a wider world. The true order of things—that is our perpetual illusion—is now apparent. Thus in a moment, in a drawing-room, our life adjusts itself to the majestic march of day across the sky.

The final rise of the wave of life in Bernard, beautiful as it is, is no more beautiful than a hundred other moments in the book:—

'And in me too the wave rises. It swells; it arches its back. I am aware once more of a new desire, something rising beneath me like the proud horse whose rider first spurs and then pulls him back. What enemy do we now perceive advancing against us, you whom I ride now, as we stand pawing this stretch of pavement? It is death. Death is the enemy. It is death against whom

I ride with my spear couched and my hair flying back like a young man's, like Percival's, when he galloped in India. I strike spurs into my horse. Against you I will fling myself, unvanquished and unyielding, O Death.'

This, by all odds the hardest of Virginia Woolf's books, so hard that for a time it seems impossible, is the most utterly authentic. For what she has to say she could have used no other plan, and into her plan the details fit with unerring sureness. She can stop writing now if she likes.

MARGARET FAIRLEY

#### POETRY AND THE LIKE

STRICT JOY, by James Stephens (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 57; \$1.75).

DEATH AND TAXES, by Dorothy Parker (Viking Press; pp. 62; \$1.75).

SELECTED POEMS, by Richard Rowley (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 149; \$1.75).

ISSA, by Robert Norwood (Scribners-Macmillans in Canada; pp. 95; \$2.50).

A DRYAD IN NANAIMO, by Audrey Alexandra Brown (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 70; \$2.00).

IT is hard to pass judgment on James Stephens' verse. There is a peculiar magic about it that almost compels one to regard with respect things that over another name would be immediately seen to be trivial and aimless. There are one or two such in this volume, experiments, apparently, in word-music that have no intellectual or emotional content, and whose music even is crude and heavy. In 'The White Swan,' however, we find again the strange lift and swing, transfiguring common words by direct purity of emotion into an exact unshackled music, that is his peculiar lyric gift. The title-poem, 'Strict Care, Strict Joy,' meditating with a fine, sensitive dignity on the poet's translation of grief to beauty, is full of that verbal magic which strains grammar and usage to such an accurate significance that the expression seems inevitable. The greater part of the book is given up to a 'Theme and Variations'—unequal in its expression but at its best with the true touch of miracle. It is the language of mysticism, as it must be, dealing with what is inevitably inexpressible, the universal Mind, the soul of the universe, an assertion, through blind murder and blind birth, of:—

The One,  
The Witness,  
Knower of the Plot,  
Who bears life  
As a mask  
Upon a face.

Those that are blind to all mysticism will find nothing in this volume that they can enjoy or understand: he that hath an eye to see will discover in it indeed a strict and abiding joy.

There is much of the conventional Irish poetry in Richard Rowley, well enough done, but not particularly distinctive. There are one or two excellent lyrics closer to the best of Burns than one would easily find, and some brief reflections of old men, that have a limpid and regret-

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ful charm. His best work, however, is in a grimmer and more 'realistic' mood, dealing with the city and factory life of Belfast. 'Machinery,' and 'Oul Jane,' have a directness and emotional intensity that are extremely powerful. They display a feeling for character-drawing that involves one in a certain disappointment, on coming to the dramatic sketches at the end of the book. 'Apollo in Mourne' has a nice touch of humour, and a genuinely dramatic idea and working-out; but the poetry is frequently a little stiff, and the characters do not come to life as they might.

I am not well enough acquainted with the mystical lore of the East to know whether the rather un-euphonic name Issa, that the Rev. Mr. Norwood chooses for the title of his spiritual autobiography, has a literary tradition behind it, or whether it is an invention of his own. The only place I had ever come across it before, was as the name of a lap-dog belonging to a friend of the poet Martial, and this does not seem relevant, for *Issa* represents 'a personal, intimate, and ever-present consciousness of the immanence of deity'. The poem is a long narrative in lyric form, sustaining well an unusual though not extremely complex stanza-form. It seldom rises to lyric intensity, and considerable stretches are not much above rhymed prose with a bit of padding; but it does move, and move easily, and there are numerous very charming bits of homely description, with a genuine and unpretentious gift of evocation. It is in the simple, direct, honest gusto of these passages that most people will find the main charm of the book; and a very real charm it is. The reflective passages are not particularly profound, and often succumb to the familiar Maritime curse of wordiness, the gush of indefinite fluency that so often mars the work of the elder Maritime poets he invokes in the first canto. The pictures of a boy's life in a Nova Scotia village are, however, a lasting pleasure.

Dorothy Parker is well justified in her choice of a title. Her touch is as sure as Death or Taxes, if sometimes no more novel or unexpected. She goes in rather heavily for four-line pages; and the 'Fisherwoman' and the 'Actress' are very neat indeed. On the whole, however, she lacks that stripped, explosive finality that we find in Hilaire Belloc's quatrains. She is seldom more than smart, but delightfully smart. The Ballade, 'Women and Elephants never forget,' is delicious, and occasionally, as in 'Sanctuary', she brilliantly goes Edna Millay one better. There is a pleasant astringency to all of it, and a flippant bitterness, deepening occasionally to genuine poignancy, that make it a book to be relished by anyone with an appreciation of wit, and of her dexterous mixture of poetic and colloquial idiom.

Anyone that dares to write of Endymion and Laodamia at this stage of English literature, challenging the far from speechless ghosts of Keats and Wordsworth, deserves a hearing on the grounds of audacity, if nothing else. Miss Brown deserves a hearing for the sake of her work. Few poets writing now in English display such competence in handling a large theme in the tra-

ditional manner. The shorter poems in the book would have been better left out; they are derivative in thought, and imitative in treatment, and not even very good imitations. The longer poems seem almost from a different hand. 'Lucrezia del Sarto', in spite of many good lines and a difference of approach, rather pales before the fire of Browning, but 'Diana' is about as good Keats as Keats did not write. 'Laodamia', however, stands on its own feet. The style owes much to Tennyson, but it has an individual ring, and the colourful delicacy of phrasing serves a mature, tender, and dignified emotional appreciation of the story.

L. A. MACKAY

### CIVILIZATION AND WAR

MODERN CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL, by C. Delisle Burns (Macmillians in Canada; pp. 324; \$3.00).

NATIONAL DEFENSE, by Kirby Page (Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 403; \$3.00).

THESE two books should be read by every intelligent person who is interested in public affairs, and by those who ought to be. Together they give an excellent picture of the world we live in, its structure and its immediate dangers.

*Modern Civilization on Trial* is a series of very interesting, and extremely well-written, essays on different aspects of contemporary civilization. Though perforce a rapid, it is in no way a superficial outline; the author is frequently controversial, but this nowhere detracts from the picture as a whole, and makes the reader think. It would take another volume to discuss his assumptions and to justify one's objections to some of them. One curious, and rather irrelevant, trait is his aversion of tradition and the classical outlook. 'And Aristotle is really dead', he tells us. No doubt, but so are Shakespeare, Marx, and Thomas Hardy. Again and again, Mr. Burns breaks a lance against traditional windmills, giants of his own imagination.

Three stages of civilization are distinguished: the primitive, mostly in Africa, where rituals control life; the mediaeval in the East, with authoritarianism as its cornerstone; and the modern, which has two stages, the mechanical age of the last century and contemporary post-war civilization, where the different races of the world are in closer contact than ever before, where 'we have a new alphabet, but cannot spell'. There are interesting discussions of such fundamental, if infrequently considered, influences as those due to the food we eat, the pleasures we indulge in, etc. Briefly Mr. Burns retells the story of the exploitation of primitive peoples by so-called Christian powers—that foul blot on our commercial system, and analyzes the new relationship

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between the West and the mediaeval East. Dictatorships he rejects as un-modern, and due mainly to a mediaeval belief in authority, the subjection of women, and widespread illiteracy in the countries concerned. He shows that democracies have done much for health and education, but he knows full well that they must act more and act better. He denies that the Americanization of Europe is in any essential way American and looks upon it as an influence that 'tends to raise the lower levels of life in Europe, but is not strong enough to affect seriously those levels which are above its highest tide'. The main effects of modern production seem to him a tendency to work in groups and a refusal to acquiesce in imperfections, and the analysis of the psychological effects of the new processes is especially penetrating. It is wholesome to be reminded that: 'Nothing is more standardized now than the poverty of the majority was in the past'.

Mr. Burns is not blind to the appalling defects of our civilization, and he has some hard things to say about them, but he evidently believes that a new system is coming and shows us where hope lies. This optimism, however, leads him at times to consider what is bad as survivals of earlier times, and what is good as newly introduced, so that in his last chapter he lapses into sheer sentimentalism, as when he says: 'The modern mind lives in its own right, not by permission of its ancestors, nor for the sake of its successors'. In so far as this means anything, it is, I hope and believe, quite contrary to the truth.

The problem of war and peace is well dealt with, but of necessity at no great length. And with Mr. Burns' world outline in mind, it is especially appropriate and profitable to turn to such a careful, critical and thorough study of the causes, results and prevention of war as we find in *National Defense*. Mr. Page does not preach or indulge in passionate rhetoric, but with an enviously judicial detachment he puts facts and figures before us, extracts from speeches of politicians, etc., which show up the catch words that most people so implicitly believe when a war is on, for what they are: ignorant misrepresentations or shameless lies. If there are still people who ingenuously believe in the legend of Germany's exclusive war-guilt, or that our countries were not preparing for war, they owe it to themselves to study the tables of armaments given in this book, and the even more disturbing figures of ever-increasing armaments during the last ten years.

That Mr. Page is right to believe the ultimate causes of war to be psychological—nationalism, fear, and what not—there is surely no doubt. And in this direction untold harm is done by self-styled patriots (whose sole claim to the title seems to be, not that they love their own country more but that they understand other countries less) with their military propaganda. The ignorant lengths to which they will go in their obvious fear of truth are here made clear to all.

To describe the horrors of war is, as we are

rightly told, not enough, and only a few pages are devoted to it. What is needed is a clear understanding of the factors that are making for war today, and of what can be done to counteract them. On both points Mr. Page is invaluable: war debts, reparations, territorial disputes, the pressure of population, and many other dangers are explained simply, and with a wealth of illustrations. The chapters on the position of the United States during and since the war are of very special interest, as are also the concrete suggestions of how to organize for peace, even though we may not agree with the author's tentative proposal of a highly organized Peace Department in the Administration.

The League of Nations is still the greatest agency for peace in the world, it has already done and instigated an immense amount of useful work, of which indeed most people never hear, whereas its every failure is trumpeted in all the newspapers. But there are many other such agencies, big and small, everywhere. These, too, every peace-loving citizen must support, as he must oppose the forces that attempt to wreck, muzzle, or misrepresent them. For it is abundantly clear that another world-war would be horrible beyond dreams, that it would benefit no one (except a few profiteers or shareholders in armament firms), and that it might be, in the words quoted from President Hoover, 'the Cemetery of Civilization'.

A book such as this should be widely read, and having read it every man and woman should seriously reflect upon their own position as regards the problem of war. Such individual consideration and judgment is one of the most immediate needs in our foolish world where the word 'pacifist' is frequently meant as an insult even in peace time, and where mere children are pressed into military training corps.

G. M. A. GRUBE



## SHORT NOTICES

IF I WERE KING OF CANADA, by Oliver Stowell (J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd.; pp. 173; \$1.50).

Mr. Stowell imagines himself as chosen by lot to be king of Canada and given the task of dealing with the present crisis. His book consists of a series of 16 proclamations to the people outlining his programme of action. In the forefront he puts the necessity of an Economic General Staff which shall plan our economic development and lay down the lines on which credit facilities shall in future be distributed. Altogether the book is sound and sensible both in its analysis and in its proposals for reforms. Its main conclusions are those to which most thinking Canadians are coming. But the interests which profit from the present economic jungle in Canada are much too strongly entrenched to be ousted from control by 16 proclamations. The first task of a king with Mr. Stowell's ideas would be to organize a body of counter-interests. And from the tone of his later proclamations one begins to suspect that the king is finding the habit of proclamation-issuing too pleasant to give up. These pronouncements concern our international world position, and his Majesty begins to quote scripture. Whenever a king in Canada or a prime minister or any lesser Canadian takes to scripture it is a sure sign that he is not speaking with his eye on the subject.

F. H. U.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR, by W. Somerset Maugham. (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. 299; \$2.50).

This is a collection of short stories with Mr. Somerset Maugham's usual disarming artistry. They are not all equally good; the first one, 'Virtue,' is a story that any reader in his teens already knows by heart, and all the limpid, straight-forward ease of the telling cannot make it very interesting. The next one, 'The Round Dozen,' is a triumph of style. The story has a bit of that extravagance that peeps through in *Cakes and Ale*, and becomes really riotous in this volume in 'The Creative Impulse,' which at moments almost suggests a fruitful study of James Stephens. The true parallel, however, seems to be rather the impish streak in de Maupassant. There is no effort at concealment or complication in the

plot of the stories; this sophisticated art expects the reader to see through the plot quite early, and to appreciate the even-voiced aptness of the telling. Similarly, the characters are rather sketched in their salient points than fully rounded out. It may, of course, be always questioned whether completely rounded development of character is appropriate in the short story.

'The Alien Corn' is perhaps the outstanding, as it is the most serious study in the volume, with its picture of the type of English Jew that attempts assimilation to the county families type, set over against a G. B. Stern grandmother, and an exquisite who, disdainfully refusing to deny his ancestry, has made for himself a position like that of Swann.

And yet, there is nothing much better than 'The Creative Impulse.' Somerset Maugham is always at his best when he is being catty about writers, especially pontifical writers, and Mrs. Albert Forrester, whose work was much too bright and good to sell, and whose Sunday tea-parties were almost a religious solemnity, is a delicious figure of fun. 'In a flash of inspiration she had discovered the comic possibilities of the semicolon, and of this she had made abundant and exquisite use. . . . Several writers had tried to imitate her; but in vain; whatever else you might say about Mrs. Albert Forrester you were bound to admit that she was able to get every ounce of humour out of the semicolon and no one else could get within a mile of her.' If you don't enjoy that, it's a pity.

L. A. M.

THE PROTESTANT ETHIC AND THE SPIRIT OF CAPITALISM, by Max Weber, translated by Talcott Parsons (George Allen & Unwin, pp. xi, 292; 10/6).

Max Weber first made this stimulating contribution to religious sociology as long ago as 1904, when his essay appeared in a learned German publication. It was reprinted in volume form shortly after the War, but has only recently been made accessible to the English reader through Mr. Parsons' competent if somewhat over-faithful translation.

The Weber thesis is briefly this: that modern capitalism, *qua* economic system and organized society, is simply the concrete expression of the Reformation in general and of Calvinism and its various derivations in

particular. For him the pinchbeck bourgeois virtues—thrift, work, etc.,—find their breeding-place and sanctification in Geneva. The rise of commerce in Northern Europe in the seventeenth century seems to bear out the general idea in part. The author in a quite brilliant conclusion stresses the ironic fact that our present economic dispensation, cradled in such pious company, has, in its declining years, lapsed into arrant materialism.

It is, of course, possible, as the translator himself suggests, that the Weber thesis is equally true if stood on its head; in other words, that Calvinism may be in part merely the dogmatic justification of a new economic order latent in the sixteenth century. This objection does not detract from the book's undoubted interest, though the undigested wad of notes at the end does very much indeed.

F. H. W.

NOTES ON THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY, by Nowell Charles Smith (Oxford University Press; pp. xxxix, 94; \$1.65).

Both Introduction and Notes are admirable. Mr. Smith has entirely justified the modest claim expressed in the preface, 'to assist those readers of *The Testament of Beauty* who feel the need of assistance.' He helps us over difficult passages, often frankly admitting their obscurity. He is himself, what he calls Dr. Johnson, 'a very sensible and honest expositor.'

In the Introduction particularly happy are his paragraphs on 'The Title,' a model of literary criticism which all pedants and all scientists who have drifted into the study of literature by mistake would do well to ponder.

M.A.F.

THE ADVENTURES OF SIDNEY REILLY, Britain's Master Spy. A Narrative Written by Himself, Edited and Completed by his Wife (Elkins Mathews & Marrott—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 188; 10/6).

This book would be better if it were frankly fiction. It would then demand some coherence of plot, of motivation, of purpose. As it is, it remains a loose narrative, excitable without being exciting, whose perspective is unbalanced and whose gaps, either through ineptitude or through design, spread an air of confusion over the whole story. Captain Reilly's own narrative is not without its merits.



It deals with his adventures as a secret agent in Russia in 1918; and though the style is over-dramatic, and the account of his abortive plot against the Bolshevik government lacks both judiciousness and clarity, its liveliness makes it generally interesting. Not so much can be said for the continuation by his wife. It alternates between the style of a school-girl writing for *True Confessions* and the style of a schoolgirl writing for no perceptible reason. Apparently her husband became engaged in counter-revolutionary activities on his own account, was eventually lured to Russia, and there met a fate which still remains in doubt. There is in such a story plenty of material for a dramatic and moving narrative. Unfortunately the only impression left by the present account is one of ineptitude and futility, on the part of the actors on both sides as well as of the narrator herself.

E. M.

ALL MARY, by Gwynedd Rae (Elkin Matthews & Marrott; pp. 152; 5/-). It is probably a risky proceeding to generalize about children's books, but at least it is safe to say that many of those that have had more than an ephemeral success have been books that have appealed to the adult as well as the juvenile mind. Certainly *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Adventures of Doctor Doolittle*, *The Just-So Stories*, *Christopher Robin*, and similar works have captured a large part of their appreciative audience from the ranks of the grown-up children, and I think that 'Mary' is well on her way towards winning a place in this distinguished company. To those children of all ages who have already made her acquaintance in *Mostly Mary* she needs no introduction; to those unfortunates who have not had this experience we can only say that 'Mary' is 'a most unusual kind of bear'.

J. F. W.

A CANADIAN CHILD'S A.B.C., verses by R. K. Gordon, drawings by Thoreau MacDonald (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; Cloth, \$1.00; Leather, \$1.50).

A delightful gift book for Canadian (and other) children. Occasionally the verses may be a little beyond the alphabet-learning child. But this is a negligible fault in view of the charm of all the lines and all the illustrations. It is so much above the

ordinary alphabet book that it belongs in a class by itself, and should find its way into the stockings of all the children whose parents believe in giving them the best of everything. English children will have their imagination stirred by the title-page verse:—

Two thousand miles of forest,  
A thousand miles of plain,  
A thousand miles of mountains,  
And then the sea again.

The whole, drawings and verses alike, are touched by an imagination which will light up for the child his first introduction to Canadian history and geography:—

When their canoes left Montreal  
They knew that they would not  
come back;  
But they were proud to give their all  
For France and die beside Daulac.

M. A. F.

THE FALL IN PRICES, by J. A. Todd (Oxford University Press; pp. 68; 75 cents).

MODERN CURRENCY AND THE REGULATION OF ITS VALUE, by E. Cannan (P. S. King-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 112; 5/-).

Both authors are severe in their condemnation of the popular worship of gold, unfortunately so often encouraged by newspapers and politicians. Mr. Todd writes: 'It may be worth while here to enter an objection against the popular idea that gold reserves are a good thing in themselves.' Mr. Cannan: 'But centuries of muddled thinking about national interests have left all countries but one or two with a traditional belief that it is extraordinarily harmful to pay in the metal which happens to be the standard for the currency. . . . The usual practice is, in the words it (the government) would use, "to take the necessary measures for preventing a disastrous drain of gold." . . . The "necessary measures" are always either the simple straightforward method of suspending the convertibility of notes into gold, or the more insidious method of putting an embargo on the export of gold.'

Mr. Todd attributes the fall in prices in the last two years to non-monetary causes. In examining the relation between the world supply of gold and prices, he does not consider the effects of increases in population, improvements in the standard of living, or the general spread of commerce. He has, however, written a

very readable and useful book.

Mr. Cannan aims at simplicity, but his simplicity apparently leads him to the conclusion that, because it is difficult to find the amount of a thing, or to estimate its effect, the thing itself does not exist. He would have done better to have critically re-examined his own theories, instead of sneering at the 'pseudo-economic theories' of his betters.

C. A. A.

PHILOSOPHIES OF BEAUTY, selected and edited by E. F. Carritt (Oxford University Press; pp. xxi, 334; \$5.00).

The extracts 'from Socrates to Robert Bridges' given in this volume will be useful not only to the beginner in aesthetics but to all who read the history of that somewhat nebulous science. Seventy-four writers are represented; about one-third of the space is spared for those who come before Kant; and the line of German, English and Italian thought from Kant to Croce and Gentile is traced more clearly and fully than in any other collection known to the reviewer. The selection of extracts is, naturally, open to question. It is somewhat late in the day for a historian of aesthetics to pass from Plotinus to Sidney with just one page of scattered quotations from St. Thomas to mark the interval of thirteen centuries. French classical theory and its foreign debtors such as Dryden and Lessing are entirely omitted. The greatest surprise Mr. Carritt has in store for his readers is his reproduction of Professor A. C. Bradley's lecture *Poetry for Poetry's Sake* almost in its entirety; the only aesthetician who is given more space than Mr. Bradley is Plato.

E. K. B.

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**SARAH DEFIANT**, by Mary Borden (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. 310; \$2.50).

This is another story about a woman whose affections got derailed during the late war, and what she did, and didn't do about it. Her husband took it rather hard, coming on top of a disgrace of sorts that he had incurred by inefficiency as a British general. He seems to have been frightfully inefficient. He went mad as a result of it all, and sulked in England, refusing to divorce her, while she lived in Paris near her Johnny, working off and on, while Johnny went up and up in Parisian society of the looser sort, and she got more and more embarrassed. After a while one of her children took ill, and she went home and stayed there for one reason or another till the old man died. Then she went back to Paris and found Johnny had taken up with a rather wild bit of a countess. Gnawings, guns, shots, misses, 'it was you I loved all the time.' There was almost a good bit when the families of the two females gathered to Paris as if for a feud; but nothing came of it. And that's that.

L. A. M.

**DINNER WITH JAMES**, by Rose Heniker Heaton (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. 244; 6/-).

'James is a greedy, selfish old man and I would not dine with him if I were paid for it,' Verena Darrington wrote to her brother, and then mischievously changed 'if' to 'unless'. But Cousin James—Sir James Montgomerie, Bart.—took her at her word, and the result was twelve engagements to Sunday evening supper. The first menu is the usual Sunday evening kind of thing, and she decides she can't stand another. But James begs her to take charge of the food in future and this she does with great gusto. Indeed the menus alone should make this book a treasured possession, and James of course keeps his end up with the wines. They even go so far as to make a success of a picnic. And their talk is as good as the food, for James is a most entertaining talker. Then there is Freddy Darrington, the foreign expert on Biffisland, where he settles insurrections by teaching the natives to play ping-pong, as pleasant an acquaintance as his sister. Well, Verena gets to know James rather well, and how can you help liking a

man who can break into the conversation with:—

Since life contains for me no plan  
I'd like to be the Trombone Man;  
I crave the chance, you understand,  
To blow one devastating blast  
When least expected by the band.

and mean every word of it, almost. Besides he is really not as old as all that, and when Verena is ill with flu alone in the South of France, and James unexpectedly rescues her . . . Since to dine with them is not possible, I strongly recommend a couple of very enjoyable hours with this light, delicate, and altogether delightful little book.

G. M. A. G.

**THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS**, by Frances Pitt (Allen and Unwin; pp. 320; 15/-).

This popularly written and most readable book is the work of one who is not only a skilful and critical field observer, but also the possessor of a discriminating eye for an animal photograph. A mass of firsthand data, ranging over a dozen animal species, fish, flesh and fowl, is adduced in support of Miss Pitt's belief that 'temperament' (rapid rate of acquirement of conditioned reflexes?) and intelligence have (at least in the lower animals) a positive survival value. By painstaking observation of a number of well-known animals in their natural habitat she comes to conclusions as to their mentality and position in the intelligence scale which do not always agree with the views usually accepted. Full of entertaining narrative and the open air, this is a refreshing book.

H. D. K.

**SOCIETY AT WAR, 1914-1916**, by Caroline E. Playne (Allen & Unwin; pp. 379; \$3.75).

This is a detailed examination, based on the newspapers and journals of the time, of how English society reacted to the War during the first half of it down to the end of 1916. The value of a good psychological study of this kind is obvious, and the authoress has collected much interesting material. But she is not far enough from the struggle herself to be able to analyze the men and women of those days objectively. She is still fighting against the war spirit; and it is significant that she relies chiefly on the London *Nation* for her interpretation of events.

Massingham was a noble soul, but in war time the lovers of peace go mad as well as the lovers of war.

F. H. U.

**DON JUAN AND OTHER PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES**, by Gonzalo R. Lafora, translated by Janet H. Perry, with a foreword by Dr. Charles S. Myers (Thornton Butterworth; pp. 288; \$2.50).

What a pleasure and what a surprise to come across a psychologist with an adequate cultural background. Dr. Lafora was lucky enough to be born into that brilliant Spanish generation of '98 and he is a typical product. Bright and pointed quotations from the works of his friends of the *El Sol* group,—Corpus Barga, Azorin, Pérez de Ayala, Américo Castro—remind the reader that the Madrid of five years ago was possibly one of the most stimulating intellectual centres on the face of the globe.

The essay on Don Juan which fronts the volume is perhaps less important than others which follow it, though it provides an interesting medical complement to the purely literary researches of Gendarme de Béville. The cream of the book is furnished by the studies on inspiration in art and science, and on cubism and expressionism. In both essays the author draws every advantage from his rare combination of medical and literary lore. The latter essay is made still more interesting by photographs and reproductions of drawings by well-known expressionists contrasted with the scribbles of schizophrenic patients.

This excellent work is rounded out by two further studies: one on spiritism and one on 'miraculous' cures.

F. H. W.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.*

**A CANADIAN CHILD'S A.B.C.**, by R. K. Gordon & Thoreau MacDonald (J. M. Dent; cloth \$1.00, leather \$1.50).

**CLIFFORD SIFTON IN RELATION TO HIS TIMES**, by John W. Daffoe (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxviii, 552; \$3.00).

**LES SALONS FRANCAIS**, by Henriette Tasse (Montreal 1930; pp. 376).

CANADA'S WESTERN ARCTIC, by Major L. T. Burwash (Dept. of the Interior; pp. 116).

OVER THE GANGPLANK TO SPAIN, by Madge Macbeth (Graphic; pp. 359; \$2.50).

THE GOLDEN DOG, by William Kirby (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 227; 50c).

PROSPECTS IN CANADA FOR BRITISH GIRLS, Report of the Head Mistresses' Tour (Williams & Norgate; pp. 48; 1/-).

FAR PLACES, by James Mackintosh Bell (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xv, 174; \$3.00).

PASTOR INVICTUS, by Walter S. Johnson (Quality Press; pp. 77; \$1.50).

STUDIES IN ENGLISH, by Members of University College, Toronto (University of Toronto Press; pp. 254; \$2.50).

#### GENERAL

WANDERINGS, by Arthur Symons (J. M. Dent; pp. ix, 292; 8/6).

THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK by Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin-Thomas Nelson; pp. 285; \$2.50).

THIS MONEY MAZE, by Dr. Robert Eisler (The Search Publishing Co.; pp. xiv, 116; 1/-).

THE HUMAN PARROT AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Montgomery Belgion (Oxford University Press; pp. viii, 213; \$4.00).

MINNIE MAYLOW'S STORY AND OTHER TALES AND SCENES, by John Masefield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 194; \$3.00).

GLEANINGS GRAVE AND GAY, Selected by Lady Agatha Russell (Longmans, Green; pp. 63; \$1.50).

THE WHIG INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY, by H. Butterfield (G. Bell-Clarke Irwin; pp. vi, 132; \$1.20).

SIX PLAYS BY CORNEILLE AND RACINE. Edited by Prof. Paul Landis (Modern Library; pp. xii, 372; \$1.10).

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER, by St. John Ervine (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 325; \$2.50).

JOB, by Joseph Roth (Viking Press; pp. 279; \$2.50).

THE UNKNOWN WAR, by The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xv, 396; \$6.00).

LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by T. De Lancy Ferguson, 2 vols. (Oxford University Press; \$10.00).

THE FALL OF THE KAISER, by Maurice Baumont (Allen & Unwin; pp. xiv, 256; \$2.25).

PERSONAL PROBLEMS OF CONDUCT AND RELIGION, by J. G. McKenzie (Allen & Unwin; pp. 144; \$1.30).

ELECTRICITY IN OUR BODIES, by Bryan H. C. Matthews (Allen & Unwin; pp. 108; \$1.25).

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES, by Ernst Troeltsch (Allen & Unwin; pp. 445; two vols., \$12.50).

THE HOLY AND THE LIVING GOD, by M. D. R. Willink (Allen & Unwin; pp. 293; \$3.00).

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR ORGANIZATION, Preface by Albert Thomas (Allen & Unwin; pp. 382; \$3.75).

DOSTOEVSKY, by Edward Hallett Carr (Allen & Unwin; pp. 331; \$3.75).

LANCASHIRE AND THE FAR EAST, by Freda Utley (Allen & Unwin; pp. 395; \$4.75).

DRUMGARTH, A Play in One Act, by Philip Blair (Allen & Unwin; pp. 32; 30c).

A PRIMER OF LIBRARIANSHIP, Edited by W. E. Doubleday (Allen & Unwin; pp. 223; \$2.25).

ON THE NIGHTMARE, by Ernest Jones (Hogarth Press; pp. 374; 21/-).

PAPERS ON GOLD AND THE PRICE LEVEL, by Sir Josiah Stamp (P. S. King; pp. x, 126; 7/6).

THE HOGARTH LETTERS, Nos. 1, 2, 3 (Hogarth Press; pp. 25; 1/- each).

THE WAVES, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press; pp. 324; 7/6).

EAGER HEART, A Christmas Mystery-Play, by A. M. Buckton (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. 68; 10/6).

97, by Francesco Berger (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. xii, 180; 3/6).

ALL MARY, by Gwynedd Rae (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. vii, 149; 5/-).

COLLECTED POEMS OF LAURENCE BINYON, Lyrical Poems (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xv, 387; \$3.50).

COLLECTED POEMS OF LAURENCE BINYON, London Visions, Narrative Poems and Translations (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vi, 311; \$3.50).

THE OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE, by A. H. Thorndyke (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 200; \$1.85).

THE LEGACY OF ISLAM, Edited by the late Sir Thomas Arnold (Oxford University Press; pp. xvi, 416; \$3.25).

ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW, Edited by Christopher St. John (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xlviii, 474; \$6.00).

A BURIED TREASURE, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 296; \$2.50).

THE COINAGE OF ENGLAND, by Charles Oman (Oxford University Press; pp. xii, 395; \$7.00).

IX STUDIES, by John Hargreaves (Year Book Press; pp. 43).



#### EROTIC VERSE

The Editor,

THE CANADIAN FORUM,

Sir: I wish to express my strongest disapproval of the poem 'And Yet', by H. Rooney Pelletier, which appeared in the November issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. Although some of your readers may be so steeped in lust as to be unmoved by this fleshly effusion; nevertheless, I believe the majority of Canadian people to have such a moral standard as to resent its public broadcast. I grieve that a magazine bearing 'Canadian' on its title page should descend to the accepting of such erotic spume as literature. (God save the mark!) I thought THE CANADIAN FORUM had a nobler aim than the dissemination of this type of composition.

Yours, etc.,

R. V. MACKENZIE.

#### INTOLERANCE

The Editor,

THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir: Is it really necessary, in praising Mr. Bertrand Russell, to heap abuse on Sir Arthur Edington and Sir James Jeans, merely (as far as one can discover) because their philosophy does not chime with your own? Apparently intolerance is not confined to religious 'fundamentalists'.

Yours, etc.,

EUGENE FORSEY.

Will subscribers kindly notify us of any change in address.



The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:  
Sir:

I notice that editorial comment in your current issue contains, among other things, some notice of the theological speculations of Jeans and Edgington, wherein pity is mingled with contempt. Your readiness to dismiss them both as thinkers of equal merit, or rather demerit, may strike some philosophers as rather amateurish; your zeal to applaud Russell's rather different conclusions has apparently led you to swallow uncritically his own classification of his rivals. But it is perhaps more to the point to observe

that there are many people cheering you on in your dogmatic and rather lonely fight for a decent social order, and ready to see you direct critical examination against any institution sacred or secular, who will be inclined to feel that excursions into the realm of metaphysics, when undertaken in a similar spirit in your editorial columns, are a little outside your field. And I doubt whether the intolerance of militant rationalism is any more attractive than its religious counterpart.

Yours, etc.,

E. A. HAVELOCK



#### MODERN EUROPEAN PLAYS

WHILE it is probably true that Shakespeare at his best is unequalled by any other dramatist, there are scores who surpass him at his feeblest. Yet foreign countries see much more of Shakespeare than we do of their plays—not that we see so very much of Shakespeare either, for that matter. It is unfortunately true, that in Canada at least, we are more indebted to the commercial theatre than to the amateurs for our knowledge of the plays of other nations, especially the modern plays. To some extent, copyright difficulties account for this; but where these are absent, or, as more frequently happens, ignored, the only explanation must lie either in the carelessness of the amateur theatre, or a deliberate preference for second-rate work. This preference sometimes takes the form of unnecessary humility, forgetting the extent to which a really good play inspires and carries on its actors, and forgetting too that most of the audience would prefer to see a good play moderately well done, rather than a piffling play dribbled off smoothly.

It is a pitiful and humbling thing, that, so far as I can find out, only one play of Pirandello has ever been done in Canada—*Henry IV* in Winnipeg. Toronto has waited till the coming season for the commercial theatre to bring one. It does not appear that Strindberg has ever been done in Canada at all. And yet, Strindberg is by all odds the greatest dramatist

the nineteenth century produced, and the most versatile. He is atrociously translated; yet on the stage the force of the play sweeps all such considerations out of the mind. Modern Russian, German, and French drama, with the brilliant exception of Chekov, is almost unknown to us. Yet in all of them there is a great variety of interesting and eminently playable stuff, well within the range of any amateur dramatic company of ordinary competence, that could hardly fail to be of intense interest to any audience.

As an aid to those who have forgotten, or who have not yet explored these possibilities, it might not be otiose to mention here a few of them. *Non omnia possumus omnes*.

In Pirandello, it is probably wise to begin, as the Winnipeg Players did,

with *Henry IV*. The English titles of his other plays are so numerous and diverse, and they are so easily obtainable, that it is hardly worthwhile to make a list of them. Among the other Italians available in translation, D'Annunzio is worth consideration, with say, *The Dead City*, *Gioconda*, *Honeysuckles*, and *Braccio*, especially *Phantasms*, and *The Hidden Spring*. The Spaniards, for some reason, are better known, particularly the Sierras, and Benavente; but the *Passion Flower* of the latter, fully equal to any of his work, still awaits production here. Echegaray is, I believe, known only to the Spanish courses of Universities, which is a pity, if only for the sake of *The Great Galeotto*, and *Folly and Saintliness*.

Among the less recent Russians, Andreyev's *Black Maskers*, and *Yekaterina Ivanovna*, are remarkably effective, though the former is rather difficult to do. Gorki's *Lower Depths* reads marvellously. The *Smug Citizen*, a comedy, is well spoken of, but I do not know it.

After Strindberg, one of our greatest losses lies in the modern German drama. Kaiser's *Morn to Midnight* is a very gripping play, though rather strong meat for conventional minds. The First Part of *Gas*, much the best play of the tetralogy in which it occurs, is a splendid thing—and very striking theatrically; while the comedy variously known as *October Day*, *The Paper Mill*, *The Phantom Lover*, is almost a certain success. Wedekind should be well received with either *The Marquis of Keith*, *Censorship*, or *Such Is Life*. Hasenclever's *The Thunderstorm*, or *Simoom*. *The Decision*, *Murder*, are worth a try.

The French contribution is less impressive. Besides Claudel, who, with most audiences, is rather a gamble,

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the *Tidings Brought to Mary* being probably the best bet, the most likely material available in translation is Vildrac's *S. S. Tenacity*, Sarment's *The Marriage of Hamlet*, or Giradoux's *Siegfried*, or better still, *Amphitryon 38*, if the latter has been translated, and if you think you can get away with it.

In Strindberg you can find any kind of serious drama, from the placid to the horrible, from the naturalistic to the most impressionist. Light comedy need not be hunted for; it is not in him: but anything else there is in abundance. It would probably be best to begin with *Creditors*, *The Stronger*, *The Thunderstorm*, or *Simoom*. *The Father*, and the *Dance of Death*, while easy to produce, make extremely great demands on the competence of the actors. *The Spook Sonata*, and *To Damascus*, his greatest works, cannot be attempted unless one is reasonably sure of a pretty high degree of intelligence in one's audience. *Advent*, however, and the fairy tale, *Swan-white*, are pretty sure to appeal.

Complete information about copyright, and other plays of these and other authors, is most easily obtainable from two large and very informative books on Contemporary Plays and Playwrights, published by Harper Bros. One of these contains a number of good translations, the other a very full account of the playwrights and their work.

L. A. M.

#### NEW SQUINTS ON THE THEATRE

TO satisfy the curious who may want to know what is wrong with the Theatre to-day, we meekly offer our own especial, albeit laboriously, compiled list of such ailments as perennially tickle the clay feet of Thespis and invoke loud wails from all and sundry.

\* \* \*

It would appear that Drama visitations, terrestrial and celestial as they have been in the past, have assumed in form, intense protestations against ticket scalpers, hot or cold weather, the star system, the repertory group, the small theatre movement, the high or low price of tickets, the importation of foreign players, the talkies, late curtain raising, poor plays, musical comedies that are neither musical nor comical and some months ago, an unsuspected accouchement.

\* \* \*

Such delicacy of flavour  
is not found in other teas

# "SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

When laid end to end, this long line of ulcerous adjuncts to the world of make-believe, revealing as it does, important additions to the realm of pure bunkum, brings closer to realization that the Theatre is in a heck of a state. In fact, its very foundations are close to falling, as they have been those past 1,000 or so years — and Trying Yeah's—they've been.

\* \* \*

In the observations of A. B. Walkley, a drama critic of the past decade and the more contemporary though explosive St. John Ervine, we are persuaded to believe, lies the solution to our little problem. Says Mr. Walkley, in *Pastiche and Prejudice*, a worthy tone of critica . . . 'there has been what the vulgar call a slump in the theatrical world and all sorts of explanations have been offered, such as the dearth of good plays. The cause is simple enough—as all real causes are—chocolates have gone up.'

\* \* \*

Furthermore claims Mr. Walkley, that to see scores of women simultaneously eating chocolates in the Theatre is an uncanny thing. 'They do it in unison and they do it with an air of furtive enjoyment as though it were some secret vice and all the better for being sinful. They eat chocolates with the monotonous regularity with which they hemstitch linen or socks. It has been said that women go to church for the "hims" but they go to the Theatre for the chocolates.'

\* \* \*

On the other side, Mr. St. John Ervine, in a recent article in the *London Observer*, is quoted as predicting that the 'chocolate muncher,' to use his

own term, will soon be seen in full blast in the theatre. 'During the summer, the blithe girl has been practicing hard with large pieces of silver paper so that she shall be in form for the winter sports at the playhouse,' he claims, 'and precisely at the moment when some important line is to be spoken on the stage she will open her box of chocolates as noisily as possible and will unfold a candy from its rustling sheet, pop it quickly into her mouth and begin to munch.'

\* \* \*

If we have been slightly confusing up to this point, let us hasten to explain. Chocolates have gone up and the sale of theatre tickets has gone down. These facts can be easily verified. It is axiomatic, therefore, that there is a natural affinity between these two events.

\* \* \*

Though it is admitted that both these gentlemen of the critical profession may differ on one or two questions, the fact nevertheless remains that to restore the practice of eating chocolates to the Theatre, means to restore the Theatre to its pristine glory. H'm. That's good.

\* \* \*

If the terminology advanced so far is not overly consistent, it doesn't matter. We are led, however, to note with Flaubert that the first condition of beauty is unity of variety. 'But,' he adds, 'two squint eyes are more varied than two straight ones and produce an effect which as a rule—is not so good!' We cannot explain the connection. That's your work. But we thought we'd mention it in passing.

\* \* \*

H'm. . .

STANLEY HANDMAN

# "The MEN we see are *WHIPPED* through the world:

they are harried, wrinkled, anxious; they all seem the hacks of some invisible riders. How seldom do we behold tranquillity?

*We have never yet seen  
a man---*"

Perhaps we all recognize something of ourselves in this short description of man. But why should we allow ourselves to remain fashioned in this mould? Let us make a resolution NOW, to cast off these invisible riders of worry and fear. But with prevailing conditions in such a troubled state what can one man do ALONE?—is it necessary?

We forget that we may obtain help from "a company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all the civil countries in a thousand years"—

And how may this be done? By reading their greatest thoughts most clearly set down on paper for our guidance and satisfaction. From books we may obtain the counsel and friendship of those who have had the deepest insight into human experience.

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